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The Mercury.

THE MERCURY PUBLISHING CO.
JOHN P. SANBORN, Editor.

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THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1788, and is now in its one hundred and fifty year. It is the oldest newspaper in the United States, and with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, state, local and general news, well selected miscellany and valuable farmers' and household departments. Reading so many households in this and other states, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

TERMS: \$2.00 a year in advance. Single copies in wrappers, 5 cents. Extra copies can always be obtained at the office of publication and at the various news rooms in the city. Specimen copies sent free, and special terms given advertisers by addressing the publisher.

Local Matters.

More Roller Skating.

The roller skating had by no means on the wane and more skates are being sold here than ever. This is a fact that is easily discernible by the crowds of skaters who use the sidewalks on all the streets to the great annoyance of pedestrians. It is said that the walks are beginning to show the effects of their use for skating rinks and many would like to have the indiscriminate skating stopped. The police are apparently powerless to do anything as there is no ordinance to prevent it.

In this instance an amusing example of man's unwillingness to assume a hostile position, antagonistic to many persons, has been clearly shown. Many complaints regarding the skating on the sidewalks had been made to the police department and finally an ordinance regarding it was drawn up. The Chief of Police then presented the ordinance to a member of the council who had been one of the most frequent complainers and asked him to introduce it at the meeting on February 26th. The distinguished member hemmed and hawed and finally said that the skaters had never injured him in any way and it was good exercise for the children—he guessed somebody else had better father the bill.

Then the chief went to another member who had made complaint about the neglect of the police in not keeping the skaters off the sidewalks. He, too, was dazed for a moment at the unexpected honor accorded him and finally confessed to the Chief that he was a business man and was afraid that his trade would be injured if he should be sponsor for the ordinance. Not dismayed by these rebuffs, the Chief made one more attempt. He went to a gruff old gentleman who is a member of the council and who was apparently opposed to the indiscriminate use of the sidewalks as well as frequently proclaiming his disinterested devotion to the welfare of the city and especially of the new charter. The Chief explained the bill and suggested that the gentleman introduce it.

"Hm. No! The skaters have never hurt me any."

And then the Chief gave it up.

Board of Aldermen.

There was something done at the regular weekly meeting of the board of aldermen on Thursday evening, when steps were taken to declare the proposed extension of Washington street to Coddington's point as a public highway. This is what has been talked about for some time in order to some day build a boulevard along there, and the board thought it advisable to secure a right of way through there at this time before buildings and increase of values should make it impossible.

Mayor Clarke presided at the meeting and all the members of the board were present. The regular weekly payrolls were approved. The city treasurer was directed to pay Rebecca T. Bosworth \$150 for land on Tilden avenue. The fire department was authorized to purchase two pairs of fire horses, 1000 feet of hose, new fire alarm batteries and accessories, two fire alarm boxes and six hydrants.

The matter of an extension of Washington street was then called from the table and a decree drawn by the city solicitor was passed. This provides for the appointment of a commission to survey and make out a way 60 feet wide and to agree with the owners as to the damages incurred, if any. The commissioners named are Benjamin F. Tanner, Eugene C. O'Neill and Joseph G. Parmeter.

Mrs. Abram Almy has purchased the business and stock of the Congdon Coal Company.

Colonel C. L. F. Robinson has returned from New York.

Representative Council.

The representative council found so much business to be transacted at its meeting, on Friday evening of last week, that it was thought best to make two nights of it, adjournment being taken to Friday evening, March 6. The session was a busy one, abounding in discussion, but the budget was passed, also the ordinance providing for the assessment and collection of a tax. Included in the budget was the appropriation for laying a granite block pavement on Thames street, but there has developed such very strenuous opposition to this form of pavement that it may be necessary to submit the proposition to the people in accordance with the provisions of the charter. While this will inevitably delay the beginning of the pavement there is an unquestioned right of the people to demand such referendum, and this feature of the charter was made one of the strongest points by those who advocated its adoption.

When the council was called to order there were quite a number of absentees, but there were considerably more than enough for a quorum present. The first business was the receiving of the report of the committee of twenty-five and the consideration of the ordinance making the appropriations for the year. The ordinance was taken up by sections and some amendments were adopted, among them being an appropriation of \$400 for Gardner street, and an increase in the appropriation for a fence about the city cemetery. The committee of twenty-five did not want any changes made from their figures but the council seemed disposed to take matters entirely in their own hands. The appropriation ordinance as finally passed contained the following:

State Tax	\$88,311.35
Streets and Highways	9,750.00
Public Schools	100,471.00
Police Department	40,000.00
Fire Department	89,432.00
Lighting Streets	8,000.00
Salaries	32,135.00
City Asylum	6,500.00
Paupers and Vagrants	1,500.00
Public Buildings	2,935.00
Public Parks	2,000.00
Books, Stationery and Printing	1,800.00
Water Supply	10,000.00
Health Department	14,002.00
Rural Grounds	1,000.00
Ward Meetings	8,500.00
Sinking Funds	18,429.00
Coupons	32,935.00
Incidentals	5,000.00
Interest on notes	18,000.00
Advertising and Preservation of Records	400.00
Payment of notes	4,000.00
Land and other Damages	5,000.00
Thames Street Pavement	25,000.00
Newport Hospital for Newport	4,000.00
Stable	500.00
Ventilation of Council Chamber	500.00
Chairs	600.00
Food of July	1,000.00
Total	\$652,253.31

When the section relating to the pavement on Thames street was reached, there was a lively discussion. The committee recommended \$25,000 for a granite block pavement from Marlboro to Cannon streets, and there were many members who took occasion to speak against this kind of paving, preferring wood blocks or the Haseam pavement. The report of the board of aldermen on the subject was read, the board apparently approving the Haseam pavement. Attempts were made to have the entire length of Thames street included, but these amendments were defeated, and the recommendation of the committee was finally adopted without reading the petition to submit the matter to the voters.

Each appropriation made specified in detail the purpose for which it was to be expended, and there was the usual provision forbidding any officer or department from exceeding his appropriation.

The next matter to be taken up was the ordinance for the assessment and collection of a tax. A motion was made to direct the assessors to use the cards prepared by the revaluation committee in assessing the tax, but this met with very strenuous opposition, on the ground that the work had not been completed and that the committee had not reported to the council. The amendment was beaten after long debate, and the assessors will be allowed to use any method they choose. The amount of revenue to be derived from the taxes was fixed at not less than \$633,000 and not more than \$650,000 and the ordinance was passed, the tax to be assessed by July 1 and paid between August 1 and September 15.

There was a resolution presented to continue the committee of twenty-five throughout the municipal year, the resolution apparently originating with the committee itself. This found very strenuous opposition and was finally defeated by a decisive vote.

A resolution was presented providing a new method of publishing the City Documents and Tax List, and an amendment was suggested that withdraw the resolution from consideration for a time, and before it was again taken up the council had adjourned.

A motion was made to call from the table a petition to take proper steps to make the chief engineer of the fire department a permanent man. The motion was lost on an aye and nay vote.

At about 11:15 the council adjourned to meet on Friday evening, March 6.

The Naval War College.

If it be true that imitation is the highest form of flattery, then the Naval War College has reason to feel proud. And yet it cannot be said that the announcement of its birth was received by the naval profession with undue enthusiasm. Original in conception and modest in its claims, it required several years to convince the world that the new institution was imbued with the vital spark of a living force.

But when the series of War College lectures on Naval History by Captain (now Rear Admiral) A. T. Mahan, U. S. Navy, were published under the title of "The Influence of Sea Power upon History," the success of the undertaking was left no longer in doubt. England at once sat up and began to take notice. Here was some-



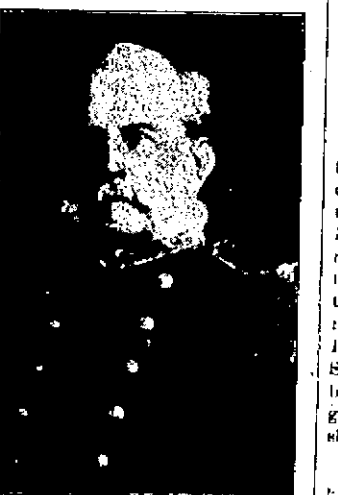
MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL NAVAL WAR COLLEGE, PORTSMOUTH, ENGLAND.

thing altogether new to the most formidable naval power known to history. The book was caught up abroad with avidity. It was reviewed enthusiastically by the foreign press; and translated into the language of every country claiming to be a naval power. One of the largest editions went to Japan.

But it took some years of patient struggling before the reflex action from abroad affected the home market. The War College suffered the fate of the prophet in his own country, and in his own house. Established by the Secretary of the Navy, the Hon. William E. Chandler, October 6, 1884, it was by a subsequent administration pulled down and partially destroyed and, but for the good offices of Senator Aldrich, its steadfast friend, it might have come to an untimely end.

It is to Senator Aldrich that the College is indebted for the building it now occupies.

Recognition, though somewhat tardy, came at last. We now have an Army War College which occupies the magnificent building designed by Mr. McKim of the old firm of McKim, Mead



REAR ADMIRAL STEPHEN B. LUCE, U. S. N., THE FATHER OF THE NAVAL WAR COLLEGE.

& White of Boston. It is situated in the grounds of the Arsenal, Washington, D. C.

Japan has its War College; and last, but by no means least, we have "The Royal Naval War College," of Portsmouth, England.

The English "Naval War Course," as it is called, after a four months' session, terminated January 25 of this year. The course was attended by seven Rear Admirals, 24 Captains, 20 Commanders, 6 Lieutenants, 3 army officers and 2 officers of the Royal Marines. Rear Admiral R. S. Lowry, R. N., is the President of the College.

In consequence of the recent augmentation of the College Staff two additional offices are now being built.

We present herewith a reproduction of a picture showing the group of English officers who attended the recent War Course at the Royal Naval War College, Portsmouth, England.

Malbone Lodge.

Malbone Lodge, No. 33, N. E. O. P., held its regular meeting in Mercury Hall Thursday evening. There was a good attendance and the regular business of the order was transacted, after which the hall was open to members and their friends for an evening at whist. It was 10:40 when the last hand was called, and the ladies making the three highest scores were Mrs. Benjamin B. Barker, Mrs. Harry St. Clair and Mrs. John Radford and they were awarded the prizes. The prizes for the gentlemen's scores were won by Mr. Harry St. Clair, Dr. John H. Sweet, Jr., and Mr. Richard B. Scott. Light refreshments were served.

Mr. Thomas P. Peckham was in New York the past week.

Superior Court.

The Superior Court has been in session here for the March term this week. Judge Baker presiding, and has had a very busy time thus far. One case has occupied much of the time of the court—the Weidhorn-Hammitt breach of promise case. In addition there have been other matters that have helped to make a busy session.

The court came in on Monday and the grand jury was empanelled and sent out to consider matters presented by the assistant attorney general. Some juvenile cases were then taken up, and four small boys were called before the court. They were charged with stealing hens, and as they made no defense Judge Baker directed that a plea of nolo be entered, and after a reprimand to the boys and to their par-

The Chapman Meetings.

The series of revival meetings under the direction of Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman have been very well attended this week, and undoubtedly very much good has been done. The services have been of a very interesting nature, but free from the extreme sensationalism that very often marks evangelical work. Rev. Mr. Chapman is a very able preacher, bringing home the truth to the people in a way that had not before occurred to them. He has taken timely and personal subjects for his sermons and has done much to uplift the people of Newport.

Mr. and Mrs. Archer, who are engaged with Mr. Chapman in the evangelical campaign, have devoted considerable time to going directly to the people instead of waiting for the people to come to them. Several school meetings have been held, as well as meetings in other places of amusement. The treatment accorded them has been in every instance respectful, and their addresses have been followed with close attention. The music at all of the services has been inspiring and of a high order of merit.

Last Sunday afternoon the Opera House was well filled on the occasion of the special service for men only, and it is expected that the attendance will be even larger next Sunday afternoon when Rev. Mr. Chapman will speak to men only on "Some things about dissipation, infidelity and morality." Paul J. Gilbert will be the soloist.

As Mr. Chapman will be here only a few days longer it is expected that the interest in the meetings will show an increase, although it has been very satisfactory thus far.

A Society Wedding.

Miss Cornelia Harriman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Harriman, was married at noon on Tuesday to Robert Livingston Gerry, son of Commodore and Mrs. Elbridge T. Gerry, the ceremony taking place at Grace Church, New York. The church was handsomely decorated for the occasion and was filled with relatives and friends. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a handsome dress of white satin, with trimmings of point de Venise lace. She wore a Louis Fifteenth veil of point applique. The maid of honor was Miss Mary Harriman, the bride's sister, and the bridesmaids were the Misses Ruth Averill, Marian A. Clark, Margaret Dix, Elsie Howland and Anita Peabody. Miss Carol A. Harriman, a sister of the bride, was to have been one of the bridesmaids, but was unable to be present owing to illness. The best man was Peter Golet Gerry, and the ushers were Robert Golet, Bradlah G. Johnson, William Stockpole, Frederick Kernochan, Munson Morris, William Averill Harriman, all of New York, and Aaron Davis and John S. Ames, of Boston. Rev. Dr. W. R. Huntington, pastor of the Church, officiated, assisted by Rev. J. H. McGinness of Arden, and Rev. W. O. Doane, Bishop of Albany.

The Aquidneck Minstrels held the boards at the Opera House on Monday and Tuesday evenings and were well patronized at each performance, securing a good sized profit from the undertaking. As this was the third appearance of the minstrels for the purpose of raising money to pay off the debt incurred by the Carnival of 1906 it was hoped that sufficient money could be made to wipe out the debt, and this was found to be the case. The performances this week have been very generally thought to be the best of any yet given, the local hits being especially amusing. The work of principals and chorus was very good and there was much applause.

The court of inquiry that investigated the drowning of Privates Steenson and McIntosh of the Marine Guard at the Training Station has reported to the department at Washington that the circumstances were due to culpable incapacity or inefficiency on the part of the master of the tug. The report has been forwarded by the navy department to the department of commerce and labor and action will probably be taken against the captain of the tug in accordance with the report.

Mr. Alfred G. Vanderbilt is expected to reach here from Europe to-day and will then consult with his architect in regard to the new administration building for the Young Men's Christian Association. The plans are all completed and if they are satisfactory to Mr. Vanderbilt work will probably be begun very soon.

Mrs. Sarah Sheldon, widow of Mr. William Sheldon, died at her home in Wakefield on Wednesday, in the eighty-third year of her age. She was a sister of Mrs. Theodore Underwood of this city.

The Misses McMahon are entertaining their cousin, Miss Sadie Labitt, of Providence, at their home on Dixon street.

Recent Deaths.

Mrs. P. J. Murphy.

Mrs. Annie C. Murphy, wife of Hon. Patrick J. Murphy, died at her home on Broadway Sunday afternoon after a short illness, many of her friends not even knowing of her sickness. She was one of the original members of St. Joseph's Parish and was well known to a wide circle of friends and acquaintances. She was a most kind hearted woman and took a deep interest in her home and family.

Mrs. Murphy was the daughter of Mr. Charles Tierney, who was killed at Bonita Station, Va., in the summer of 1894.

Besides her husband and mother, six children survive her.

Funeral services were held from St. Joseph's church and the church was filled with relatives and friends. Dr. Doran, Father O'Rourke and Father Tierney officiated and Mr. J. B. Connolly sang, "Only Waiting." The bearers were Messrs. P. J. Boyle, Bartholomew Fogarty, P. H. Hogan, D. J. Mahoney, Frank E. Nolan and D. J. McGowan. The floral offerings were numerous and most beautiful.

Wedding Bells.

Sanford-Murphy.

A quiet home wedding took place at the residence of Mr. William H. Westcott on Central street on Wednesday afternoon, at one o'clock, when his niece, Miss Elizabeth H. Murphy, was married to Dr. A. Chase Sanford. Owing to the recent death of the bride's aunt the ceremony was witnessed only by relatives and a few intimate friends. Rev. George W. Quick, D. D., of the Second Baptist Church, officiated. The bride was the recipient of many pretty gifts. Dr. and Mrs. Sanford left on a short wedding trip.

Captain John E. Gorham, the well known fish agent, was in this city on Wednesday calling on friends. He left in the evening via the Fall River line en route to Charleston, S. C., in the interests of the fish business there.

Mr. Thomas McNamara of this city died suddenly at Howard on Friday of last week. He was a native of Fall River, but had spent the greater part of his life in this city, where his father and two sisters live.

The body of Howard McAllister Smith, who died at Tarrytown, N. Y., on February 26th, was brought to Newport on Saturday of last week and interred in the Stedman lot in the Island Cemetery beside his mother.

Mr. William Leys, of the Hens-Leys Company, has returned from his trip to Europe.

Mrs. A. G. Ferrell has gone away for several months for the benefit of her health.

ents be placed them on probation. Two other boys were charged with larceny from the Newport Paper & Grocery Company. They also pleaded nolo and were placed on probation after a reprimand by the court.

The grand jury reported two indictments, one against Edward C. Johnson for forging and uttering, and the other against Joe Frank for breaking and entering a store in Portsmouth. Johnson pleaded not guilty and will have a trial. Frank pleaded guilty and was sentenced to 12 months in the Providence County Jail.

On Tuesday there were some divorce cases heard. Sarah Ann Harworth was given a divorce from Alexander Harworth of Tiverton, and Sarah M. Gardner was divorced from George W. Gardner. Marie Louise Hicks vs. Frederick Charles Hicks was a longer case, but petitioner was granted a divorce for extreme cruelty and neglect to provide.

On Wednesday the case in order for trial was Wanda Weidhorn vs. Harry G. Hammitt, an action for breach of promise of marriage. The plaintiff was represented by Clark Burdick of this city and John A. Coudinnet of Boston, and the defendant by William P. Sheffield and Max Levy. A jury was empanelled with James Smith of Newport as foreman.

The case for the plaintiff was outlined by Mr. Burdick, who stated that Mr. Hammitt had asked the plaintiff to marry him and had failed to carry out his contract to do so. The case has been a long one, occupying all the time of the court since it began, and many witnesses have been called and examined at length. The plaintiff took the stand on her own behalf and told of the attentions paid by the defendant, of money advanced to her for her business as a milliner, and of her expectation of marriage. She was cross-examined by Mr. Levy who inquired about other men, and suggested that the money for the business was borrowed by the plaintiff of the defendant.

The case for the plaintiff rested Thursday noon and the defense was put on. Mr. Levy stated the case, and entered a denial of any promise of marriage. The defendant furnished the plaintiff with money to the amount of something over \$1600 and then he stopped. A number of letters from the plaintiff to the defendant were read, showing how she asked for money and for defendant to come to see her. Mr. Hammitt took the stand in his own behalf.

Much interest has attached to the case throughout the city, where the principals are well known.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Wessell of New York were visiting in this city the past week.

Mrs. W. H. Langley left on Thursday for a visit to Boston, New Bedford and other cities.

THE MYSTERY

By STEWART EDWARD WHITE
And SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

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CHAPTER X.

AFTER my watch below the next morning I met Percy Darrow. In many ways he is or was the most extraordinary of my many acquaintances. During that first half hour's chat with him I changed my mind at least a dozen times. One moment I thought him clever, the next an utter ass; now I found him frank, open, a good companion, eager to please, and then a troop of his blood-eyes, a lazy, impudent drawl of his voice, a hint of half bored condescension in his manner, convinced me that he was shy and affected. In a breath I appraised him as intellectual, a fool, a shallow nitwit, a deep schemer, an idler and an enthusiast. One result of his spasmodic confidences was to throw a doubt upon their accuracy. This might be what he desired, or with equal probability it might be the chance reflection of a childish and whimsical instability.

He was tall and slender and pale, languid of movement, languid of eye, languid of speech. His eyes drooped, half closed beneath blond brows. A long wiry hand lazily twisted a rather affected blond mustache. His voice drewled his speech in a manner either disconcertingly condescending and impudent or disconcertingly tired—who could tell which?

I found him leaning against the taffrail, his languid graceful figure supported by his elbows, his chin propped against his hand. As I approached the binnacle he raised his eyes and motioned me to him. The insolence of it was so superb that for a moment I was angry enough to ignore him. Then I reflected that I was here not to stand on my personal dignity, but to get information. I joined him.

"You are the mate?" he drawled.

"Since I am on the quarter deck," I snapped back at him.

He eyed me thoughtfully while he rolled with one hand a corn husk Mexican cigarette.

"Do you know where you are going?" he inquired at length.

"Depends on the moral character of my future actions," I rejoined tartly.

He allowed a smile to break and faded, then lighted his cigarette.

"The first mate seems to have a remarkable command of language," said he.

"I did not reply."

"Well, to tell you the truth I don't know where we are going," he continued. "Thought you might be able to inform me. Where did this ship and its precious cargo of cutthroats come from anyway?"

"Meaning me?"

"Oh, meaning you, too, for all I know," he shrugged wearily. Suddenly he turned to me and laid his hand



"You are the mate?" he drawled.

"On my shoulder with one of those sudden bursts of confidence I came later to recognize and look for, but in which I could never quite believe—nor disbelieve."

"I am eaten with curiosity," he stated in the least curious voice in the world. "I suppose you know who his ribs is?"

"Dr. Schermerhorn, do you mean?"

"Yes. Well, I've been with him ten years. I am his right hand man. All this business I transact down to the last penny. I even order his meals. His discoveries have taken shape in my hands. Suddenly he gets a freak. He will go on a voyage. Where? I shall know in good time. For what purpose? Same answer. What accommodations shall I engage? I experience the worst shock of my life—the will engage them himself. What scientific apparatus? Shock No. 2—he will attend to that. Is there anything I can do? What do you suppose he says?"

"How should I know?" I asked.

"You should know in the course of intelligent conversation with me," he drawled. "Well, he, good old staid Schermerhorn, the venerated thoughts gets kitchinish. He says to me: 'Toast Amachi, Percy, you are all alone on a desert island placed and that you will sit on those sands and wish within yourself all you would buy to be comfortable. Go out and buy me those things—in abundance! Those were my directions.'"

"He puffed."

"What does he pay you?" he asked.

"Enough," I replied.

"More than enough by a good deal," he rejoined. "The old fool ought to have left it to me. What

is this craft? Have you ever sailed on her before?"

"No."

"Have any of the crew?"

I replied that I believed all of them were Selover's men. He threw the cigarette butt into the sea and turned back.

"Well, I wish you joy of your double wages," he mocked.

So he knew that, after all! How much more of his ignorance was pretended I had no means of guessing. His eye gleamed sarcastically as he sauntered toward the companionway. Handy Solomon was at the wheel, steering easily with one foot and an elbow. His steel hook lay fully exposed, glittering in the sunlight. Darrow glanced at it curiously and at the man's headgear.

"Well, my genial pirate," he drawled, "if you had a line to let that hook you'd be equipped for fishing." The man's teeth bared like an animal's, but Darrow went on easily as though unconscious of giving offense. "If I were you, I'd have it arranged so the hook would turn backward as well as forward. It would be handier for some things—fighting, for instance."

He passed on down the companionway. Handy Solomon glared after him, then down at his hook. He bent his arm this way and that, drawing the hook toward him softly, as a cat does her claws. His eyes cleared, and a look of admiration crept into them.

"By God, he's right!" he muttered, and after a moment: "I've wore that ten year and never thought of it. The little son of a gun!"

He remained staring for a moment at the hook. Then he looked up, and caught my eye. His own turned quizzical. He shifted his quid and began to hum:

The hook's laid aloft, aloft laid he,
Blow high, blow low, what care we?
There's a ship upon the windward,
A wreck upon the lee.

Down on the coast of the high Barbaree.

We had entered the trades and were making good time. I was content to stay on deck, even in my watch below. The wind was strong, the waves dashing, the sky very blue. From under our forefoot the flying fish sped; the moustels pursued them. A tingle of spray was in the air. It was all very pleasant. The red handkerchief around Solomon's head made a pretty spot of color against the blue of the sky and the darker blue of the sea. Still, over the flawless white of the deckhouse was the sullen, polished profile of the nigger. Beneath me the ship swayed and leaped, yielded and recovered. I breathed deep and saw cutlasses in harmless shadow. It was two years ago, I was young—then.

At the mess hour I stood in doubt. However, I was informed by the captain's falsetto that I was to eat in the cabin. As the only other officer, I ate alone, after the others had finished, helping myself from the dishes left on the table. It was a handsome cabin, well kept, with white woodwork spotlessly clean, leather cushions—much better than one would expect. I afterward found that the neatness of this cabin and of the three staterooms was maintained by the nigger—at the peril of his neck. A rack held a dozen rifles, five revolvers and, at last, my cutlasses. I examined the lot with interest. They were modern weapons—the new high power 30-40 box magazine rifle, shooting government ammunition—and had been used. The revolvers were of course the old 45s. This was an extraordinary armament for a peaceable schooner of 150 tons burden.

The rest of the cabin's fittings were not remarkable. By the configuration of the ship I guessed that two of the staterooms must be rather large. I could make out voices within.

On deck I talked with Captain Selover.

"She's a snug craft," I approached him.

He nodded.

"You have armed her well."

He muttered something of pirates and the China seas.

I laughed.

"You have arms enough to give your crew about two magazine rifles apiece, unless you filled all your berths forward."

Captain Selover looked me direct in the eye.

"Talk straight, Mr. Eagen," said he.

"What is this ship and where is she bound?" I asked, with equal simplicity.

He considered.

"As for the ship," he replied at length, "I don't mind saying. You're my first officer, and on you I depend. It comes to—well, the small arms below. If the ship's a little under the shade, why, so are you. She's by way of being called a manner of land mine by some people. I do not see it myself. It is a matter of conscience. If you would ask some interested, they would call her a smuggler, a thief, a wrecker and all the other evil titles in the catalogue. She has taken in Chinks by way of Santa Cruz Island, if that is smuggling. The country is free, and a Chink is a man. Besides, it paid \$10 a head for the landing. She has carried in a cargo or so of junk. It was lying on the beach where a fool must have piled it, and I took what I found. I couldn't keep track of the underwriters' intentions."

"But the room forward?" I broke in.

"Well, you see, last season we wore pearl fishing."

"But you needed only your diver and your crew," I objected.

"There was the matter of a Japanese gunboat or so," he explained.

"Punching!" I cried.

"So some call it. The shells are there. The islands are not inhabited.

I do not see how men claim property beyond the tidewater. I have heard it argued—"

"Hold on!" I cried. "There was a trouble last year in the Ishigaki Islands, where a poacher beat off the Oyama. It was a desperate fight!"

Captain Selover's eye lit up.

"I've commanded a black brigantine, name of the Petrel," he admitted simply. "She was a brigantine aloft, but now she had much the same lines as the Laughing Lass." He whirled on his heel to roll to one of the covered yachts' cannon. "Looks like a harmless little toy to burn black powder, don't she?" he remarked. He stripped off the tarpaulin and the false brass muzzle to display as pretty a little Maxim as you would care to see.

"Now you know all about it," he said.

"Look here, Captain Selover," I demanded, "don't you know that I could blow your whole shooting match higher than Gilderey's kite? How do you know I won't do it when I get back? How do you know I won't inform the doctor at once what kind of an outfit he has tied to?"

He planted far apart his thick legs in their soiled blue trousers, pushed back his greasy linen boating hat and stared at me with some amusement.

"How do you know I won't blow on Lieutenant or Ensign Ralph Slade, U. S. N., when I get back?" he demanded. I blessed that bluster anyway. "Besides, I know my man. You won't do anything of the sort." He walked to the rail and spat carefully over the side.

"As for the doctor," he went on, "he knows all about it. He told me all about myself and everything I had ever done from the time I'd licked Buck Jones until last season's little diversion. Then he told me that was why he wanted me to ship for this cruise." The captain eyed me quizzically.

I drew out my hand in a comic gesture of surrender.

"Well, where are we bound, anyway?"

The dirty, unkempt, disheveled figure stiffened.

"Mr. Eagen," his falsetto shrilled, "you are mate of this vessel. Your duty is to see that my orders as to sailing are carried out. Beyond that you do not go. As to navigation and latitude and longitude and where we are, that is outside your line of duty. As to where we are bound, you are getting double wages not to get too curious. Remember to earn your wages, Mr. Eagen."

He turned away to the binnacle. In spite of his personal filth, in spite of the lawless, almost piratical character of the man, in that moment I could not but admire him. If Percy Darrow was ignorant of the purposes of this expedition, how much more so Captain Selover. Yet he accepted his trust blindly, and as far as I could then see intended to fulfill it faithfully. I liked him none the worse for snubbing me. It indicated a streak in his moral nature akin to and quite as curious as his excessive meanness regarding his immediate surroundings.

CHAPTER XI.

DURING the next few days the crew discussed our destination. Discipline, while maintained strictly, was not conventional. During the dog watches often every man aboard would be below, for at that period Captain Selover loved to take the wheel in person, a thick cigar between his lips, the dingy checked shirt wide open to expose his hairy chest to the breeze. In the twilight of the fore-castle we had some great sea lawyer's talks—I say "we," though I took little part in them. Generally I lay across my bunk smoking my pipe while Handy Solomon held forth, his speech punctuated by surly speculations from the nigger, with hesitating deep sea wisdom from the hairy Thracians or with voluminous bursts of fractured English from Perdosa. Pulz had nothing to offer, but watched from his pale green eyes. The light shifted and wandered from one to the other as the ship swayed; garments swung; the empty berths yawned cavernous. I could imagine the fore-castle filled with the desperate men who had beaten off the Oyama. The story is told that they had swept the gunboat's decks with their own rapid fires turned in.

No one knew where we were going nor why. The doctor puzzled them and the quantity of his belongings.

"It ain't pearls," said Handy Solomon. "You can kiss the book on that, for we ain't a diver among us. It ain't Chinks, for we are cruising south-west. Likely it's trade—trade down in the islands."

We were all below. The captain himself had the wheel. Discipline, while strict, was not conventional.

"Contrabandista," muttered the Mexican, "for dat he geev us double pay."

"We don't get her for nothing," agreed Thracies. "Double pay and duff on Wednesday generally means get your head broke."

"No trade," said the nigger gloomily.

They turned to him with one accord.

"Why not?" demanded Pulz, breaking his silence.

"No trade," repeated the nigger.

"Ain't you got a reason, doctor?" asked Handy Solomon.

"No trade," insisted the nigger.

An uneasy silence fell. I could not but observe that the others held the nigger's statements in a respect not due them, as mere opinions. Subsequently I understood a little more of the reputation he possessed. He was believed to see things hidden, as their phrase went.

Nobody said anything for some time. Nobody stirred except that Handy Solomon, his steel claw removed from its socket, whittled and tested, screwed and turned, trying to fix the hook so that, in accordance with the advice of Percy Darrow, it would turn either way.

"What is it, then, doctor?" he asked softly at last.

"Gold," said the nigger shortly.

"Gold—treasure."

"That's what I said at first!" cried Handy Solomon triumphantly. It was extraordinary, the unquestioning and entire faith with which they accepted as gospel fact the negro's dictum.

There followed much talk of the na-

ture of this treasure, whether it was to be sought or conveyed, bought, stolen or ravished in fair fight. No further moonshining could they elicit from the nigger. They followed their own ideas, which led them nowhere. Some one lit the fore-castle lamp. They settled themselves. Pulz read aloud.

This was the programme every day during the dog watch. Sometimes the watch on deck was absent, leaving only Handy Solomon, the nigger and Pulz, but the order of the day was not on that account varied. They talked, they lit the lamp, they read. Always the talk was of the treasure.

As to the reading, it was of the sort usual to seamen, cowboys, lumbermen and miners. Thracies had a number of volumes of very cheap love stories. Pulz had brought some extraordinary garish detective stories. The others contributed sensational literature with paper covers adorned lithographically. By the usual incongruity a fragment of "The Marble Faun" was included in the collection. The nigger had his copy of "Duvall on Alchemy." I haven't the slightest idea where he could have got it.

While Pulz read, Handy Solomon worked on the alteration of his claw. He could never get it to hold, and I remember as an undertone to Pulz's reading the rumble of strange, exasperated oaths. Whatever the evening's lecture, it always ended with the book on alchemy. These men had no perspective by which to judge such things. They accepted its speculations and theories at their face value. Extremely laughable were the discussions that followed. I often wished the shade of old Duvall could be permitted to see these, his last disciples, spelling out dimly his teachings, mispronouncing his grave utterances, but believing utterly.

Dr. Schermerhorn appeared on deck seldom. When he did, often his fingers held a pen which he had forgotten to lay aside. I imagined him preoccupied by some calculation of his own, but the fore-castle, more picturesquely, saw him as guarding constantly the heavy casket he had himself carried aboard. He breathed the air, walked briskly, turned with the German military precision at the end of his score of strides and re-entered his cabin at the lapse of the half hour. After he had gone, remained Percy Darrow leaning lazily against the taffrail, his graceful figure swaying with the ship's motion, sucking always the corn husk Mexican cigarettes which he rolled with one hand. He seemed from that farthest point aft to hold in review the appliances, the fabric, the actions, yes, even the very thoughts, of the entire ship. From them he selected that on which he should comment or with which he should play, always with a sardonic, half serious, quite weary and indifferent manner. His inner knowledge, viewed by the light of this manner or mannerism, was sometimes uncanny, though perhaps the sources of his information were commonplace enough after all. Certainly he always viewed with amusement his victim's wonder.

Thus one evening at the close of our day watch on deck he approached Handy Solomon. It was at the end of ten days, on no one of which the seaman failed to tinker away at his steel claw. Darrow balanced in front of him with a thin smile.

"Too bad it doesn't work, my amiable pirate," said he. "It would be so handy for fighting—see here," he suddenly continued, pulling some object from his pocket, "here's a pipe; present to me. I don't smoke 'em. Twist her halfway, like that, she comes out. Twist her halfway, like this, she goes in. That's your principle. Give her back to me when you get through."

He thrust the briar pipe into the man's hand and turned away without waiting for a reply. The seaman looked after him in open amazement. That evening he worked on the socket of the steel hook, and in two days he had the job finished. Then he returned the pipe to Darrow with some growling of thanks.

"That's all right," said the young man, smiling full at him. "Now, what are you going to fight?"

CHAPTER XII.

CAPTAIN SLOVER received as his due the most absolute and implicit obedience imaginable. When he condescended to give an order in his own person, the men fairly jumped to execute it. The matter had evidently been thrashed out long ago. They did not love him, not they, but they feared him with a mighty fear and did not hesitate to say so vividly and often when in the privacy of the fore-castle. The prevailing spirit was that of the wild beast cowed but snarling still. Pulz and Thracies in especial had a great deal to say of what they were or were not going to do, but I noticed that their resolution always began to run out of them when first foot was set to the companion ladder.

One day we were loafing along, everything drawing well and everybody but the doctor on deck to enjoy the sun. I was in the crow's nest for my pleasure. Below me on the deck Captain Selover roamed here and there, as was his custom, his eye cocked out like a housewife's for disorder. He found it, again in the evidence of expectoration, and as Perdosa happened to be handiest fell on the unfortunate Mexican.

Perdosa protested that he had had nothing to do with it, but Captain Selover, enraged as always when his precious deck was soiled, would not listen. Finally the Mexican grew sulky and turned away as though refusing to hear more. The captain thereupon felled him to the deck and began brutally to kick him in the face and head.

Perdosa writhed and begged, but without avail. The other members of the crew gathered near. After a moment they began to murmur. Finally Thracies ventured most respectfully to intervene.

"You'll kill him, sir," he interposed.

"He's had enough."

"Had enough, has he?" screeched the captain. "Well, you take what's left."

He marked Thracies over the eye. There was a breathless pause, and then Thracies, Pulz, the nigger and Perdosa attacked at once.

They caught the master unawares and bore him to the deck. I dropped at once to the rail and commenced my descent. Before I had reached the deck, however, Selover was afoot again, the four hanging to him like dogs. In a moment more he had shaken them off, and before I could intervene he had seized a belaying pin in either hand and was hazing them up and down the deck.

"Mullin, would you?" he shrilled.

"You poor swabs! Forget who was your captain, did ye? Well, it's Captain Ezra Selover, and you can lay to that! It would need about eight fathom of stuff like you to tie me down."

He chased them forward, and he chased them aft, and every time the pins fell blood followed. Finally they dived like rabbits into the fore-castle hatch. Captain Selover leaned down after them.

"Now tie yourselves up," he advised, "and then come on deck and clean up after yourselves." He turned to me.

"Mr. Eagen, turn out the crew to clean decks."

I descended to the fore-castle, followed immediately by Handy Solomon. The latter had taken no part in the affair. We found the men in horrible shape, whizz with the bruises and cuts, and bleeding freely.

"Now, you're a nice looking Sunday school!" observed Handy Solomon, eying them sardonically. "Tackles Old Scrubs, will ye? Well, some needs a hole of cotton to fall on 'em afore they learns anything. Enjoyed your little diversions, mates? And what do you expect to gain? I ask you that now. You poor little infants! Ain't you never tickled him afore? Don't remember a little brigantine, name of the Petrel? My eye, but you are a pack of fools!"

To this he received no reply. The men sullenly assisted each other. Then they went immediately on deck and to work.

After this taste of his quality Captain Selover enjoyed a quiet ship. We made good time, but for a long while nothing happened. Finally the monotony was broken by an incident:

One evening before the night winds I sat in the shadow of the extra dory



Selover was afoot again, the four hanging to him like dogs.

on top of the deckhouse. The moon was but just beyond the full, so I suppose I must have been practically invisible. Certainly the nigger did not know of my presence, for he came and stood within three feet of me without giving any sign. The companion was open. In a moment some dory below was opened also, and a scrap of conversation came up to us very clearly.

"You had dem finished?" the doctor's voice inquired. "So, that iss well." Papers rustled for a few moments. "And the result—ah—exactly—it iss that exactly. Percy, mein son, that muids the experiment exact. We haf the process!"

"I don't see, sir, quite," replied the voice of Percy Darrow, with a fringe of excitement. "I can follow the logic of the experiment, of course; so can I follow the logic of a trip to the moon. But when you come to apply it how do you get your re-agent? There's no known method!"

Dr. Schermerhorn broke in: "Ach, it iss that I haf perfected. Parlon me, my boy; it iss the first I haf worked from you apart. It iss for a surprise. I haf made in small quantities the missing ingredient. It will form a perfect interruption to the current. Now we go!"

"Do you mean to say," almost shouted Darrow, "that you have succeeded in freeing it in the metal?"

"Yes," replied the doctor simply.

"I could hear a chair overturned."

"Why, with that you can!"

"I can do everything," broke in the doctor. "The possibilities are enormous."

"And you can really produce it in quantity?"

"I think so. It iss for us to discover."

A pause ensued.

"Why?" came the voice of Percy Darrow, awestricken. "With fifty centigrams only you could—could transmute any substance—why, you could make anything you pleased almost! You could make enough diamonds to fill that chest! It is the philosopher's stone!"

"Diamonds—yes—it is possible," interrupted the doctor impatiently, "if it was worth while. But you should see the real importance!"

The ship careened to a chance swell. A door slammed. The voices were cut off. I looked up. The nigger's head was thrust forward fairly into the glow from the companionway. The mask of his sullenness had fallen. His eyes fairly rolled in excitement. His thick lips were drawn back to expose his teeth. His powerful figure was gathered with the tensility of a bow. When the door slammed he turned al-

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CONTINUED ON PAGE THREE.

The Mercury.

Newport, R. I.

JOHN P. SANBORN, Editor and Manager.

Office Telephone 131
House Telephone 109

Saturday, March 7, 1908.

This is the first spring month but it is not yet very springlike.

Reas Admiral Cowles has not promulgated any new doctrine when he says that the navy that shoots first and his latest is very apt to win the battle. The same discovery was made many years ago, but is equally applicable to-day.

Ohio is for William H. Taft, her delegates being pledged for him until he is nominated. That is encouraging for the big Secretary of War, but everybody knew that that would be the outcome after Foraker had been beaten at the primaries.

Did March come in like a lion or a lamb? While the weather thus far has not been really spring-like, it has been quite pleasant for the time of year, and it is to be hoped that we shall not have to stone later for nice weather at the beginning of the month.

The determined and united movement against anarchy that has been instituted in many parts of the United States should have a very beneficial effect. The attempt on the life of the chief of police of Chicago acted as a warning against these dangerous members of society.

The city of Providence is expecting that considerable money will be put into circulation there by the work on the new system of docks by the New Haven railroad. When this work is finished the road will be in excellent condition to handle all the business that will be offered to it when business becomes good again.

The receivers of the Union Trust Company think that proper progress in securing the release of claims has not been made this week. They had hoped to average \$50,000 a day but the first three days of the week brought in only \$50,000 altogether. The last few hundred depositors seem to be holding their claims pretty close, probably in the hope of obtaining the full amount immediately.

Great Britain in 1907 built warships more than all the rest of the world together. The total tonnage produced by foreign countries was 1,462,795, as against 1,758,601 turned out of the shipyards of Great Britain and her colonies, 33,680 tons being credited to the latter. The United States ranks second in point of production, having 1,833,400 tons to her credit, Germany coming next with 315,551 tons.

Col. Waters said of Bryan in 1896: "Mr. William J. Bryan has come to Kentucky and Kentuckyans have taken his measure. He is a boy orator. He is a dishonest dodger. He is a daring adventurer. He is a political faker. He is not of the material of which the people of the United States have ever made a President, nor is he even of the material of which any party has ever before made a candidate."

It seems to be tacitly admitted that the American gunnery at the battle of Santiago was out of the best, and yet the Spanish fleet was wiped out of existence after a short fight. To-day the American seamen hold the world's record in marksmanship, a fact that is undeniable. In spite of the vicious attacks upon the navy, there are few citizens of the United States who have any fear that the American navy would not emerge triumphant from a battle with any foreign foe.

No President of the United States has ever attended the national convention of his party. Garfield and Cleveland were delegates in the conventions of their respective parties when nominated for the Presidency, and Roosevelt was a delegate at large for New York in 1900 when he was nominated for Vice-President. Arthur S. Wall, Bryan's running mate in 1896, was an active worker at Chicago, although not a delegate.

It looks rather funny to the average citizen to see some of the committees of twenty-five objecting seriously to citizens signing a petition that will require the matter of paying Thames street to be submitted to the people. As most of the members of this committee were advocates of the adoption of the charter, and as one of the strongest arguments for its adoption was that there should always be the right of referendum, this attitude seems hardly consistent, but some of the new charter advocates have always gone on the principle that because "we" do it, it must be right.

Is there any public building that can be quickly and safely emptied of a large crowd if a fire breaks out? The history of the past few years indicates that when an alarm occurs the results are appalling. Most of the great disasters of the past have happened in places of entertainment, but the terrible tragedy that was enacted near Cleveland was in a public school. Think of the poor, helpless, terror-stricken little children, stretching forth their tiny hands in appeal for the help that could not come, and then ask if any economy in construction can make up for the loss of these tender, innocent lives. One cannot think of such a calamity without tears.

General Assembly.

There have not yet been any very long sessions of the General Assembly. Senator Gardner of Providence has been away on business connected with the Union Trust Company and the majority of that branch have not wished to call upon important business in his absence. The Senate now has under consideration the bill to regulate the banking business in the State and it will undoubtedly be passed after it is fixed to meet the conditions in the State.

Representative Franklin of Newport has introduced in the House a bill providing a penalty for circulating wrong or malicious statements about any financial institution. The Senate has passed the bill allowing the Young Men's Christian Association of this city to hold property to the amount of \$200,000 exempt from taxation. This was passed in order to allow them to accept the new Vanderbilt building. A number of public hearings are in order for next week.

Our Navy is Second.

On the first of last July the Navy of the United States consisted of 325 vessels, of which 20 were under construction, 8 authorized and 12 unfit for service. There were ready for sea 255 vessels, including all classes. But the sea strength—the fighting strength—of the Navy excludes vessels over twenty years old unless they have been reconstructed or repaired since 1900, transports, colliers, repair ships, converted merchant vessels and other auxiliaries, and all vessels less than 1,000 tons, except torpedo craft, and of these, boats of less than 50 tons are excluded. There is thus left an immediately efficient sea-going fleet of purely fighting craft, numbering 144, as follows: Battleships, 22; armored cruisers, 10; cruisers, 41; destroyers, 16; torpedo boats, 32; submarines, 12; coast-defense vessels, 11. But the two battleships, the Mississippi and Idaho, are so nearly completed that they will very soon be added to the fighting strength of the fleet.

The effective vessels are manned by 2,081 officers, 31,632 enlisted men, and 8,414 officers and enlisted men of the Marine Corps. The battleships range in size from 10,288 tons displacement to 16,000 tons, and the armored cruisers from 8,150 to 14,500 tons, only two being below 13,680 tons. The total tonnage of battleships is 292,116; of armored cruisers, 128,415 tons; of cruisers, 181,487 tons; of coast-defense vessels, 45,334 tons. The tonnage of torpedo-boats, destroyers and submarines is 14,201. The total displacement of our effective vessels is therefore 611,618 tons.

The relative order of tonnage of effective fighting vessels of the great nations stands as follows:

	Tonnage.
Great Britain	1,633,116
United States	611,618
France	609,079
Germany	529,082
Japan	374,701
Russia	232,818
Italy	207,632
Austria	113,235

Most Powerful in the World.

The two great battleships, the North Dakota and the Delaware, ordered by the last Congress and just contracted for, will cost exclusive of armor and armament \$6,000,000 each, and probably \$12,000,000 each when ready for commission. They will be 510 feet long, 55 feet 2 1/2 inches beam, of 20,000 tons displacement, and 2,300 tons bunker capacity, with a speed of 21 knots. They will have for a main battery ten 12-inch breech-loading rifles, and for a secondary battery fourteen 5-inch rapid fire guns; four three pound machine guns; four 1-pound semi-automatic guns; two three-inch field pieces; and two machine guns. There will be two submerged torpedo tubes. The hull will be protected by a water line belt 8 feet wide and 11 inches thick. Above this ten inch armor will extend in a belt 7 feet three inches wide, and above this there will be armor 5 inches thick to protect smoke stacks, the secondary battery, etc.

The arrangement of the main battery is such as to give a broadside fire 25 per cent greater than that of any battleship now built, or so far as known, under construction, and the average elevation of guns above the water line is believed to be greater than that of any other vessel, thus giving a distinct advantage in long-range firing. By compartment arrangements, armor, protective decks, and other provisions, it is believed that these vessels will have defensive qualities greater than those of any vessel now afloat, or up to this time designed. The proportion of weight of hull and armor is greater than in any other battleship, and the actual total 8,000 tons greater than in the largest battleship built so far. These vessels will draw 30 feet of water, and the only harbors on the Atlantic coast having more water than that are Narragansett Bay and New York; the latter has 35 feet and Narragansett Bay 40 feet.

Virginia has this law: "That if any person sell, barter, give or furnish, or cause to be sold, bartered, given or furnished to any minor under 18 years of age, cigarettes or tobacco in any form, or pistols, or drinks, or bowie knives, having good cause to believe him or her to be a minor under 16 years of age, said person shall be fined not less than \$10 or more than \$100."

Capron Presides.

Congressman Capron of Rhode Island is in the center of all the political legislation in the House of Representatives because of the fact that he nearly always presides over the Friday afternoon sessions of the House, when the pension bill is operated at its full speed. Various Senators and Representatives have competed at one time or another for the honor of being the most rapid and dextrous in passing pension bills, but up to date Mr. Capron wears the championship belt. He is Speaker Cannon's favorite presiding officer on pension days and when the session rises after one of the Rhode Island member's periods of gavel wielding it is known that there is nothing left undone that could be accomplished in the way of rushing pension bills through the hopper.

In the course of a speech on the Army Appropriation bill the other day, Representative Slayden of Texas, a Democrat who hopelessly expresses his inability to predict how this "madness" will all end, in an impassioned protest to his colleagues, paid this tribute to the skill of Mr. Capron:

"You also know that the calendar is choked with this personal legislation favorably reported from the committee and that on certain Fridays in each month, under the presidency of our most expert rapid-fire pension speaker, my highly esteemed friend from Rhode Island, these bills, being duly considered and perfectly understood by the committee of the whole, are reported to the House with the recommendation that they be passed, and they invariably do at the rate of two a minute. Under the parliamentary fiction we indulge in they are read, considered, read a third time, voted on and held aside with a favorable recommendation at the rate of 30 seconds per bill."

Mr. Capron does not deny the soft impeachment.

Too Much Talk.

This is the way a prominent summer resident in New York put it a few days ago: "I overheard two prominent talking men, both millionaires, discussing the political situation at a recent dinner in New York. One said: 'There is a feeling in some well-informed circles that a very astute politician from Massachusetts, Senator W. Murray Crane, is being boomed for Presidential honors as a dark horse. He would make a grand second man.' The response was: 'I agree with you thoroughly. Senator Crane would make a great business President, but he cannot make a speech.' The first speaker said: 'Thank God if we could get a business man for President who could not talk; that has been the matter with the present incumbent; too much talk. Such a recommendation should elect Crane to the presidency.'"

Weather Bulletin.

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Washington, D. C., March 7, 1908.

Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbance to cross Pacific slope Mar. 8 to 12, great central valleys 7 to 11, eastern states 12. Next disturbance will reach Pacific coast about Mar. 12, cross Pacific slope by close of 13, great central valleys 14 to 16, eastern states 17. Warm wave will cross Pacific slope about March 12, great central valleys 14, eastern states 16. Cool wave will cross Pacific slope about March 15, great central valleys 17, eastern states 19.

This will be the most severe disturbance of the month and one of the most dangerous storms of the year. I warn all my readers to be on the alert during the time I have indicated for the passage of this disturbance across the continent; that is from March 13 to 18.

I will not undertake to say where the worst of these storms will occur. At most these dangerous storms do not reach more than one locality out of a hundred and it is not practicable, at this time, to point out the comparatively few localities that will suffer. But many lives and much property may be saved and suffering and great inconvenience avoided by taking heed of this timely warning.

This great disturbance will reach its central point on March 13 and the greatest effects usually occur within two days, usually before the epoch is reached. But at rare intervals the break occurs three to five days away. The best advice now practicable is to keep informed of the location of the low or storm center then moving eastward across the continent. The danger point will be two hundred to three hundred miles southeast of the center of that low or storm center.

Tornadoes may not occur during the passage of that storm but I advise all to be thoroughly prepared for such events. When the low, or storm center, is 500 to 600 miles northwest of you the school children will be safer in the cellar than in a crowded school-room. Saturday and Sunday, March 14 and 15, the schools will be closed. From March 16 to 19 all should be on the watch and take no risks. The weather bureau can and should publish full reports of weather conditions during those dangerous days.

The old school of meteorologists will ridicule these forecasts but my readers will remember that my mistakes seldom occur on that kind of forecasts. My forecasts as to the force of the storms are at least 80 per cent good. All those who have carefully read my storm forecasts for years past will get ready for rough weather March 13 to 20.

The equinoxes alone never cause any dangerous storms but when these equinoxes are reinforced by a large number of planets magnetically connecting with this celestial dynamo then and only then may we fear great storms near the equinoxes. Sometimes the intense magnetic strain is relieved by a great earthquake and then the storms become less severe.

Immediately following March 7 a wave of high temperatures, moving eastward, will cross meridian 90, following it a cold wave with rain south and snow north.

The remains of the late John Dynan, who died in Alaska recently, will be brought to this city for interment.

Washington Matters.

Much Concern Among Republican Leaders Over Presidential Candidate—Quiet Work in Congress—Aldrich Bill Steadily Progressing—Notes.

[From Our Regular Correspondent.]
Washington, D. C., March 6, 1908.
There is genuine concern among Republican leaders, including some who were not particularly partial to Secretary Taft, over the programme of the anti-administration forces who are bent on bringing to Chicago contesting delegations from every southern state. Senator Foraker's name is generally used as an anti-Taft candidate, but "unintroduced delegations" is the cry, the purpose being to secure, if possible, a large number of delegations to trade with. In many of the Southern states, the Forakerites are dealing with the negroes. In Alabama, however, this is not the case. The negroes will have none of the anti-administration crowd and accordingly, the Forakerites are dealing with the so-called "Lily-white" or anti-negro faction. One William Youngblood, a Lily-white leader, is going about the State hiring a hall in each town where a district convention is being held and, with the liberal use of money, is "electing" a contesting delegation without pretense of regularity. In many of the Southern states the men who are at the front of the anti-administration movement are those who have been discharged by Presidents McKinley or Roosevelt, for dishonesty or incompetence, or both.

The programme of the anti-Taft forces who are simply provided with money to bring all these delegations to Chicago and endeavor to have them placed on the "temporary roll" of the national convention. Of course it cannot be pretended that these delegations are entitled to such recognition, but their hope is to influence the National Committee to seat them regardless of the merits of the cases. When the convention is called to order the roll of the states will be called and as each is named, its chairman, elected by the majority of the delegation, rises and names three men for membership on the committees on credentials, resolutions and permanent organization, respectively. Of course if a majority of spurious delegates are placed on the temporary roll, the men named for the credentials committee will be anti-Taft. Then the credentials committee will pass on the various contests and the result must be obvious. Only anti-Taft delegates will be placed on the permanent roll wherever there is a contest. It is obvious, therefore, that if the anti-administration forces can control the National Committee they can control the convention, although that is admittedly a big "if."

The feature of this situation which occasions anxiety to the leaders, however, is not the possible outcome of the programme, but the effect which, however it results, it will have in the election. Let the people become convinced that a Republican candidate for President has been nominated by the corrupt manipulation of negro delegates from states in which there is practically no Republican vote and the result will be to make Democratic votes by the million, say the wise ones. Again, suppose Taft is nominated without the fact that such a concerted effort was made have a decidedly serious effect on the fortunes of the party? Can any party have it become generally known that there is even a possibility of such corruption in its national councils, or that such quantities of money have been expended to sway its choice without grave loss of confidence? These are the questions which some of the most disinterested leaders are asking.

This has been a quiet week in Congress, the most important event having been the vote of the Senate committee on Military Affairs on the Brownsville case. That committee, by a vote of 11 to 2 refused to adopt a resolution offered by Senator Foraker declaring that none of the negro soldiers of the 25th Infantry did the shooting, and of those 2, Mr. Bulkeley, a moment later voted for the de Pont resolution declaring that the evidence showed that the shooting was done by negroes, with the rifles issued to the commissioned officers of the 25th Infantry, so that really Mr. Foraker was the only member prepared to say that the negroes were all innocent. The note declaring the opposite, that the negroes were guilty, stood 8 to 4, Mr. de Pont not voting. Mr. Foraker has already introduced a bill providing that all the discharged soldiers shall be restored to the army and given their back pay, a bill which he fully appreciates will not pass but which is intended to have its effect on the negro race. Senator Warner will introduce a bill authorizing the President to restore to the army and give back pay to any negro soldier who can prove his entire innocence of complicity in the affair to the satisfaction of the military authorities.

Steady progress is being made on the Aldrich bill in the Senate. The fact that the President favors the measure and is willing that it shall be called an administration measure constitutes the chief strength of the Aldrich measure, which conforms in all essential details with the recommendations contained in the last annual report of the President. The House seems at present to favor the Power bill, which is based largely on the greenback principle, but Speaker Cannon says that the House does not know his own mind on the subject as yet and that he will lead the lower chamber as it should go when the time comes.

Senator Owen, the eighth-blood Cherokee from Oklahoma, greatly promoted his standing in the Senate by his speech on finance this week, and the next day seriously injured his prestige by advocating the removal of all restrictions which Congress has placed on the alienation of his lands by the Indian, when it was known that Mr. Owen held options on a ranch consisting of 3,000 acres of the finest land in Oklahoma, the title to which he could secure only by a passage of the amendment he advocated.

Secretary Straus has reported to the President that for the month of January the total Japanese immigration to this country, including Hawaii, was 971, as compared with 5,000 for January, 1907.

The plastering at the City Hall is falling again and there may be a serious accident from this cause.

Dr. Henry H. Luther has been engaged as tutor in the choir of the Channing Memorial Church.

Mrs. A. C. Titus, of Haverhill, N. H., is visiting her son, Mr. Harry A. Titus, on Mill street.

Mr. Fred W. Green, Jr., of New Bedford, was in the city the past week.

Look for Better Times.

One thousand additional buyers for large wholesale and retail dry goods houses throughout the North, Northwest, far West and South will be in New York this week, says an Exchange, making purchases for the coming season. Many have already arrived, and, ignoring the supposed effects of the recent depression, are making purchases based on the heavy volume of trade that prevailed last year. None of the buyers already here sees anything but good times ahead and a rapid recovery from last fall's flurry. Business in the Northwest is reported to be particularly good at this time. Stocks of goods are reported quite low.

H. C. Smith, New York manager of Marshall Field & Co. of Chicago, by far the largest wholesale and retail distributors of dry goods in Chicago and the West, says: "Business in our retail store this year was far in advance of January and February of last year. Advice from Chicago state that during the week of February 20 they had one of the worst storms that the city has ever encountered. Withal, business far exceeded expectations, and we look for a continuation throughout the year. The depression which was felt in the East did not disturb us in the West to any extent. The buyers of our wholesale stores are pursuing a conservative course relative to placing advance orders in this country, but our importations will be as large as heretofore."

The Maid of Seville.

One eye of beauty, when the sun lay on the stream of Guadalquivir, To tell converting, one by one, The dapples of that lovely river;

Seaside me, on the bank was seated A Seville maid, with Auburn hair, And eyes that might the world have cheated— A bright, wild, wicked, diamond pair.

She stooped, and wrote upon the sand, Just as the twilight sun was going, With such a smile, white, shining hand, You would have sworn 'twas silver flowing.

Her words were three, just, and no more: "What could Diana's motto be? Her eyes were not upon the shore: 'To Death—not Inconstancy!'"

And then she turned her laughing eyes So full of mirth, Satanas take me! I set the world on fire with signs, And was the fool she chose to make me.

St. Francis might have been deceived By such an eye and such a hand, Yet one week more and I believed As much the maiden as the sand.

Anon.

WEEKLY ALMANAC.

MARCH 1908.	SUN	SUN	MOON	HIGH WATER	LOW WATER
7 Sat	4 29 15	6 11 11	11 10 11	12 05	1 05
8 Sun	5 21 5	5 56	10 51	12 05	1 05
9 Mon	6 23 8	5 0	10 42	12 10	1 10
10 Tues	7 25 15	4 11	10 35	12 15	1 15
11 Wed	8 26 8	3 21	10 28	12 20	1 20
12 Thurs	9 28 1	2 31	10 21	12 25	1 25
13 Fri	10 29 16	1 41	10 14	12 30	1 30

New Moon, 24 day, 10. 07 am, evening.
Full Moon, 10 day, 11. 42 am, evening.
Last Quarter, 25 day, 7. 31 am, morning.

\$1,000.00 CASH NEW 8-ROOM COTTAGE

NEAR KAY STREET.
I hold for sale a new cottage, 8 rooms, bath, etc., hot water heater, set tubs, all modern improvements, which I am instructed to sell for \$2,000, of which \$1,000 may remain on mortgage at 5 per cent.
A good opportunity to secure a comfortable home, with a small cash capital. Only \$1,000 required. Apply to

A. O'D. TAYLOR,
REAL ESTATE AGENT,
162 Bellevue Avenue. Telephone 320.

Deaths.

In this city, 20th ult., Joseph Child, in his 55th year.
In this city, 20th ult., at his home, 17 Gratton street, Michael O'Leary.
In this city, 20th ult., at his residence, 24 Gould street, John Henry Simmons, aged 78.
In this city, 1st inst., at her residence, 162 Broadway, Annie C., wife of Patrick J. Murray and daughter of the late Charles and Catherine Taylor.
In this city, 2d inst., Nora Burns, widow of Patrick J. Sullivan and daughter of the late Patrick and Mary Haras.
In this city, 4th inst., at her residence, 5 White street, Ellen, wife of Joseph McLeod, aged 51 years.
In this city, 5th inst., at her residence, 26 Carey street, Mary, wife of Patrick Fogarty, aged 65 years.
In this city, 5th inst., George, son of Lucy L. and the late George E. Brooks, in his 20th year.
In this city, 1st inst., Henry C. Hart, in his 61st year.
In Howard, 20th ult., Thomas, son of Thomas and the late Margaret McNamara, formerly of this city, in his 24th year.
In Full River, 1st inst., Hannah A., wife of Samuel C. Sidelotham and daughter of Anna and the late Benjamin C. Bliven, in her 20th year.
In Wakefield, 4th inst., Sarah, widow of William Sheldon, in her 84 year.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine
Carter's
Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of
Wm. D. Carter

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.
FOR HEADACHE.
FOR BILIOUSNESS.
FOR RHEUMATISM.
FOR CONSTIPATION.
FOR SALLOW SKIN.
FOR THE COMPLEXION.

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

Among the 200 guests present were many from out of town, who returned especially for this evening, as well as a number from Newport and Portsmouth. The club has begun its existence under most favorable circumstances and was greatly encouraged by the interest manifested at this, their social feature, as well as by the addition of a goodly increase on their membership roll during the evening.

Middletown.

Owing to the Chapman meetings which are being held in Newport, the Methodist Episcopal Church will be discontinued for the present, the members may avail themselves of the privilege of attending the Newport services. The last Communion to be celebrated in this church was received on last Sunday afternoon by a large number of communicants. The Rev. H. H. Critchlow, the pastor, spoke very feelingly of the universal regret that would be experienced in the passing of this prominent church but felt sure that with the coming of the new church would come renewed interests and activities. He also remarked that during the comparatively short time that he has been in the ministry he has witnessed the passing of two other churches, over which he was then in charge, and the rebuilding of new houses of worship. No time of closing has as yet been determined upon but the last service to be held will be commemorated in some special way probably by the middle or last of the present month.

Under the direction of Mr. and Mrs. William Chapin Hubbell, and for the benefit of the new parish house of the Berkeley Memorial Chapel, a progressive whist was given on Tuesday evening at the Pariah House with an attendance of about 75. 14 tables were played and the prizes were awarded to Alfred Ward, a leather pocket memorandum as first gentleman's prize; Mrs. Albert C. Young, a hat pin, first lady's prize; Mr. Crawford P. Hart, a pack of cards, second gentleman's prize; and Mrs. Edward E. Peckham, a glass dish, second lady's prize. A light collation followed, after which the guests were entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Harry E. Peckham with their Victor Gramophone, which also played for dancing. The affair was a pleasing success and netted the sum of twenty two dollars which is to be devoted to the expenses of the Parish House. The large American flag, 7 by 13 ft., a recent gift of Miss Kate Grubb, an aunt of the Rev. Latta Griswold, was used as an effective decoration at the head of the Assembly Hall, below which had been placed a fine portrait of George Washington, the gift of Mr. Joel Peckham. It is with much genuine satisfaction that the people of the East Side recognize that at last they have an attractive and commodious building where all affairs of an educational and social nature may be enjoyed. Since the converting of the lizard "Music Hall" into a dwelling, there has been no suitable building available for public purposes nearer than the town hall upon the East Main Road; the Parish House is therefore likely to prove a very welcome addition in this locality.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph A. Peckham are receiving congratulations on the birth of a daughter on the 4th inst.

Mr. Edward E. Peckham is visiting friends in Block Island.

The Portsmouth Dramatic Club will repeat the drama, "The Country Minister," at the Middletown Town Hall on Wednesday evening of next week under the auspices of the Women's Christian Temperance Union. The proceeds will be contributed towards the building fund for the new Methodist Episcopal Church at "The Four Corners." This play has recently been successfully given twice in Portsmouth and also in several other localities and has been well received.

Mr. William Dawson and family have closed their cottage on Wapping Road for an indefinite period and will spend the spring in the West and South, visiting relatives in Iowa and Virginia.

The new Young Men's Republican Club was favored with a fine night on Thursday and a goodly attendance at their first ladies' night, which followed a business meeting held at Oakland Hall. A number of changes were made in the officers nominated at the February meeting, which was held in Middletown Town Hall, as several of the gentlemen were obliged to decline their office on account of other business arrangements. The list of officers elected at the Thursday evening meeting was as follows:

President—John R. Austin.
First Vice-President—Albert C. Young.
Second Vice-President—Walter S. Barker.
Third Vice-President—John Spooner.
Secretary and Treasurer—John Nicholson.

Executive Committee—Lionel H. Peabody, Jr., Daniel A. Peckham, Charles H. Sisson and Willard Chase.
Social Committee—Chairman, Albert C. Young, first vice-president; Edward J. Peckham, Elton W. Peckham, Henry C. Sherman, Jr., and William G. Hubbell.

Registration Committee—Chairman, Walter S. Barker, second vice-president; Howard G. Peckham, Isaac S. Congdon, Fred H. Spooner and George W. Culver.

Membership Committee—Chairman, John Spooner, third vice president; Nathaniel Channing, Jr., E. Marion Peckham, Lincoln Sisson and George Peabody.
The business session was held in the Odd Fellows Lodge Room, was largely attended and very enthusiastic. During the transaction of business dancing was enjoyed in the lower hall with the Harry K. Howard orchestra of Newport in attendance. About 9 o'clock the President, John R. Austin, gave a short address, making all most cordially welcome and expressing a desire that all might find pleasure in the variety of the attraction which had been prepared, with a view of reaching the various tastes of its guests. The first number on the program was the well known favorite, Mr. Fred T. Weber of Newport, in several readings, which as usual called for hearty encores. Four numbers were presented.

Supper being then announced, the guests adjourned to the dining room where a bountiful collation, in the shape of salad, ice cream, etc., was served to about 175. Dancing was later resumed in the lower hall by all those who so desired; while twelve tables at which were formed in the lodge room, Mr. Leroy Peckham winning the gentleman's prize, a smoking set, and Mrs. Albert C. Young, the ladies' prize, a box of note paper. The entertainment broke up at a very late hour. The affair met with such general favor that there is a sure prospect of its being repeated.

Among the 200 guests present were many from out of town, who returned especially for this evening, as well as a number from Newport and Portsmouth. The club has begun its existence under most favorable circumstances and was greatly encouraged by the interest manifested at this, their social feature, as well as by the addition of a goodly increase on their membership roll during the evening.

DEATH IN A TERRIBLE FORM

Claims at Least One Hundred
and Sixty-Five Children

SIX LITTLE ONES UNACCOUNTED FOR

Defective Furnace in Basement of
School Building in Ohio Town Starts
a Fire Which Quickly Wrecks the
Structure—Doors In Front and Rear
Opened Inward and Unfortunates
Were Mercilessly Piled In Great
Mass—But Few Escaped Unhurt—
Sad Scenes in Temporary Morgue

Cleveland, March 5.—Pinned in narrow hallways, jammed up against doors that only opened inward, between 100 and 170 school children in the suburb of North Collinwood were killed by fire and smoke or beneath the grinding heels of their panic-stricken mates. The fire resulted from a defective furnace in the basement.

The awful tragedy occurred in the public school of North Collinwood, ten miles east of this city. One hundred and sixty corpses are in the morgue at Collinwood, six children are still unaccounted for, and all the hospitals and houses for two miles around contain numbers of children, some fatally, and many less seriously injured.

All of the victims were between the ages of 6 and 14 years. The school contained between 310 and 325 pupils, and of this entire number only about eighty are known to have left the building unhurt. It will be several days before the actual number of killed is known.

Doors Opened Inward

The schoolhouse was of brick, two stories and an attic in height, containing nine rooms. The number of pupils was more than normally large, and the smaller children had been placed in the upper part of the building. There was but one fire escape, and that was in the rear of the building. There were two stairways, one leading to a door in front and the other to a door in the rear. Both of these doors opened inward, and it is claimed the rear door was locked as well.

When the flames were discovered the teachers, who throughout seem to have acted with courage and self-possession and to have struggled heroically for the safety of their pupils, marshaled the little ones into column for the "fire drill" which they had often practiced.

Unfortunately the line of march in this exercise had always led to the front door and the children had not been trained to seek any other exit. The fire came from a furnace situated directly under this part of the building.

Pinned in Death Trap

When the little ones reached the foot of the stairs they found the flames close upon them, and so swift a rush was made for the door that in an instant a tightly packed mass of children was piled up against it. From that second none of these who were upon any portion of the first flight of stairs had a chance for their lives. The children at the foot of the stairs attempted to fight their way back to the floors above, while those who were coming down shoved them mercilessly back into the flames below.

In an instant there was a frightful panic, with 200 of the pupils fighting for their lives. Most of those who were killed died here. The greater part of those who escaped managed to turn back and reached the fire escape and the windows in the rear.

What happened at the foot of that first flight of stairs will never be known, for all of those who were caught in the full fury of the panic were killed. After the flames had died away, however, a huge heap of little bodies told the tale as well as anybody need to know it.

Building Destroyed in Half Hour

The flames spread with such terrific rapidity that within thirty minutes from the time the fire was discovered the schoolhouse was nothing but a few blackened walls surrounding a cellar filled with corpses and debris.

The firemen dashed into the blazing wreckage and with rakes, forks, shovels and their bare hands worked in the most frantic manner with the hope of saving a few more lives. They were unsuccessful, for none was taken out alive from the ruins after the doors collapsed. Fragments of incriminated limbs, skulls and bones were found almost at every turn, and these were piled together in a little heap at one side of the building.

The great majority of the little bodies that were taken from the ruins were burned beyond all possible recognition. And it is no small part of the sorrow which is befalling down the people of North Collinwood that positive identification of many of the children will never be made.

Statement of the Janitor

Various unconfirmed statements are made as to the cause of the fire, and it is stated also that the doors of the building had been locked at the front entrance, while but one door of the rear entry was unlocked. The janitor, Fritz Harter, himself bereaved of three children, says the doors were open, according to custom. At any rate, the congestion of fleeing children in the hallway below effectively barred the way, and the little ones went to their death totally unable to evade the flames. Janitor Harter could remember little of what happened after the fire started. "I was sweeping in the basement," he said, "when I looked up and saw a wisp of smoke curling out from beneath the front staircase. I ran to the fire alarm and pulled the gong that sounded throughout the building. Then I ran first to the front and then to the rear doors. I can't remember what happened next, except that I saw the flames

shooting all about and the little children running through them, screaming. Some fell at the rear entrance and others stumbled over them. I saw my little Helen among them. I tried to pull her out, but the flames drove me back. I had to leave my little child to die."

Miss Catherine Weller, one of the nine teachers in the school, lost her life in a vain effort to marshal the pupils of her class and lead them to safety. She died in the crush at the rear door. Her room was on the second floor and when the fire alarm sounded she marched her pupils out into the hall, thinking it was only a fire drill. There the truth dawned upon both teacher and pupils and control was lost. The children, in their frenzy, plunged into the struggling mass ahead of them. Miss Weller attempted to stem the rush, but went down under it, and her body was found an hour later piled high with those of her pupils. Miss Fish, another teacher, was taken out alive, but she cannot live.

Floors Crashed Into Basement
Burning through the cross-supports of the first floor, the flames passed upward until all three floors crashed into a smoldering pile into the basement. After the fire had practically burned itself out the work of rescuing the bodies was begun. The Lake Shore Railroad company turned over one of its buildings nearby to be used as a temporary morgue, and thither the charred and broken little bodies were removed as fast as they could be dug from the ruins. Within five hours practically all had been recovered.

They were placed in rows in the Lake Shore shop. Identifications were made only by means of clothing or trinkets. The fire had swept away nearly all resemblance to human features in the majority of instances. Distracted parents soon began to gather and the work of identifying the blackened and mangled corpses was commenced.

A Task of Horror

The gruesome task of taking out the blackened trunks and bits of human remains was one of horror. A line of rescuers was formed, backed by half a dozen ambulances. As the bodies were untraveled from the debris they were passed along to the stretchers and thence loaded in the ambulances. Mercifully covered with blankets, the pitiful sights were veiled from the crowd of curious that stretched about the entrance to the structure. As fast as a load was obtained it was driven away to the improvised morgue, to be succeeded by another within a short time.

The sights of the human charnel-house caused the men delving into the mass of burned flesh to hesitate, but the work had to be done and done quickly, so their feelings had to be smothered for the time being as they tenderly handled all that was mortal of the little tots.

At the temporary morgue the scenes became fourfold in their intensity of human suffering as fathers, mothers, brothers and sisters passed up and down the lines formed of 100 corpses. To facilitate identification the bodies were numbered as they were received at the morgue.

The first identification was made by the mother of Nels and Tommy Thompson, aged 6 and 9 years, respectively. The heads and arms had been burned from both bodies, but the mother recognized the shoes on her children's feet.

And so the disheartening work went on, accentuated now and then by a piercing shriek or plaintive moan as a loved one was recognized by clothing or token, such as ring or necklace.

Needless Sacrifice of Lives

The statement that the back door of the building was locked was made by Walter C. Kelley, editor of the sporting department of the Cleveland Leader, two of whose children were killed. As soon as the alarm was given, Mrs. Kelley ran from her home, which is not far from the schoolhouse, to the burning building. The front portion of the structure was a mass of flames and, frenzied by the screams of the fighting and dying children which reached her from the death trap at the foot of the first flight of stairs, and behind that closed door, Mrs. Kelley ran to the rear, hoping to effect an entrance there and save her children. She was joined by a man whose name is not known, and the two tugged and pulled fruitlessly at the door.

They were unable to move it in the slightest, and there was nothing at hand by which they could hope to break it down. In utter despair of saving any of the children, they turned their attention to the windows, and by smashing some of these they managed to save a few of the pupils.

"They could have saved many more," said Kelley, "if the door had not been locked. Nobody knows how many of the children might have made their way out if the door had not been locked."

Governor Orders Investigation

Columbus, O., March 5.—Governor Harris has ordered the state officers to make a prompt and searching investigation into the cause of the Collinwood fire. He also directed that the examination extend to public schools generally.

A Precautionary Measure

Springfield, Ills., March 5.—Secretary Egan of the Illinois state board of health has sent orders to all city, county and town officers to close all schools, both public and private, that are not provided with doors that open outward and with proper fire escapes, and to keep them closed until needed safety devices are installed.

Heinrichs' Slayer Declared Safe

Denver, March 4.—Giuseppe Alla, the slayer of Father Heinrichs, is declared absolutely sane in a report submitted to District Attorney Stalger by four experts in mental diseases who examined the prisoner for several hours. The physicians agreed that Alla has no mental delusions whatever.

Roy Case Reaches Washington

Washington, March 4.—Application was made to the state department for the necessary authority to extradite from France Paul E. Roy, charged with responsibility for the death of George A. Carkins in New Hampshire. Refusal of the state department officials to discuss the application makes it impossible to learn whether or not extradition papers were issued.

WAR ON ANARCHY

Government Takes Steps For
Its Active Prosecution

BY ORDER OF STRAUS

Immigration Officials Must Strictly
Adhere to Laws Regarding Alien
Anarchists and Criminals and Secure
Co-operation of Police

Washington, March 4.—The secretary of commerce and labor has issued a sweeping order to all commissioners of immigration and immigrant inspectors in charge, directing them to enter with the police in their respective jurisdictions with a view to securing the co-operation of the police and detective forces in an effort to rid the country of alien anarchists and criminals falling within the law relating to deportation. The order of Secretary Straus follows:

"It is hereby directed that, with a view to promptly obtaining definite information with regard to alien anarchists and criminals located in the United States, you shall confer fully with the chief of police, or the chief of the secret service of the city in which you are located, furnishing such official with detailed information with regard to the meaning of the term 'anarchist' as used in the immigration act of Feb. 20, 1907, and with regard to the inhibition of that statute against aliens of the criminal classes, explaining the powers and limitations imposed by said statute upon the immigration officials with respect to such persons."

"You should call to the attention of the chief of police, or chief of the secret service, the definition of 'anarchist,' contained in sections 2 and 38 of the act of Feb. 20, 1907, and the provisions of section 2 placing within the excluded classes 'persons who have been convicted of, or admit having committed a felony or other crime or misdemeanor involving moral turpitude,' pointing out that if any such person is found within the United States within three years after landing or entry therein he is amenable to deportation under the provisions of section 21 of said act."

"The co-operation of said officials should be requested, making it clear that in order that any particular anarchist or criminal may be deported, evidence must be furnished showing (1) that the person in question is an alien subject to the immigration acts, (2) that he is an anarchist or criminal as defined in the statute, (3) the date of his arrival in the United States, which must be within three years of the date of his arrest, (4) the name of the vessel or of the transportation line by which he came, if possible, and, (5) the name of the country whence he came; the details with respect to the last three items being kept at the various ports of entry in such a manner as to be available if information is furnished with respect to the anarchist's name, the date of his arrival and the port of entry."

"It is desired that the above indicated steps shall be taken at once and that no proper effort shall be spared to secure and retain the co-operation of the local police and detective forces in an effort to rid the country of alien anarchists and criminals falling within the provisions of the statute relating to deportation."

Anarchist Killed by Police Chief

Chicago, March 3.—Chief of Police George M. Shippy, attacked in his house by Lazarus Averbuch, a Russian student, shot and killed the latter, but not until his assailant had stabbed the chief in the arm, had shot and seriously wounded Harry Shippy, a son of the chief, and had wounded James Foley, a member of the police department, detailed as driver for Shippy. The younger Shippy, who was believed at first to have been mortally injured by two bullet wounds in the breast, is said to have a good chance of recovery. Neither the chief nor Foley was seriously hurt.

Armenian Editors at Odds

Boston, March 3.—The contentions which have been going on between the factions of the Hunchagist society resulted last night in the arrest of two editors and two printers of the Armenian paper, Tzhan Hahendatz, published in Boston, on the charge of criminal libel, the charge being preferred by D. M. Ayslag, editor of The Arizav and The Armenians, both published in Boston.

Little Fellow Killed by Uncle

Blackstone, Mass., March 3.—While playing soldier, Earle A. Hartnett, 3 years old, was accidentally shot and killed by his uncle, Fred Tucker, aged 12 years. Tucker accidentally dropped the gun on a table and one barrel was discharged, the shot tearing away the top of Hartnett's head. The medical examiner returned a finding of accidental death.

Will Strike Against Piece Work

Boston, March 3.—The Railroad Machinists' union of Boston voted last night that its members employed in the New York, New Haven and Hartford railroad shops should strike, if necessary, against the establishment of the piece-work and bonus system in the shops of the railroad. Similar action was taken by the Rollermakers' union.

State Upholds Death Penalty

Boston, March 3.—The abolition of the death penalty perished in the senate by a vote of 18 to 15 on a rollcall after a spirited debate. The bill is the one that was substituted the day before for the adverse report of the committee, and it referred the question of abolition to the voters.

Hastings Is Acquitted

Boston, March 3.—A jury in the United States district court returned a verdict of not guilty for John W. Hastings, who was on trial for the second time on the charge of embezzling \$3000 in gold certificates from the government. The jury was out more than fifteen hours.

BRUTAL MURDER REVEALED

Woman's Story Leads to Finding of
Man's Dismembered Body

Moosup, Conn., March 4.—By the finding of the dismembered body of an Italian, believed to have been Dina Pietro of New York, at a milldam in the Moosup river, a most brutal murder was discovered. Salvatore Capagello, also an Italian, 20 years old, accused by his wife of connection with the murder, is under arrest.

Capagello's wife caused his arrest on the charge of non-support, and told the authorities she thought her husband had been concerned in the doing away of Pietro, who came to their house about two months ago, and that there might be some "Black Hand" connection. Acting on this information, officers went to the Capagello house and there, it is said, found a blood-stained axe, pillow and sheet, tucked behind a trunk.

They then turned their attention to the river, and the body was found yesterday afternoon. The severed parts were wrapped in wire to keep them together and the whole bundled in a woman's undershirt and a sheet. The legs were missing, and the features unrecognizable.

At the inquest Capagello is said to have admitted throwing the body into the water and to have told the authorities the legs would be found at the dam also. He explained, it is said, that he found the body at his house and took that method of removing it.

Says Perjury Marked Trial

Boston, March 3.—In an argument which consumed nearly six hours Charles W. Bartlett pleaded for the innocence and freedom of his clients in the Chinese murder trial. He spoke for some time on the Chinese as a race, their history and achievements. Then he launched into an attack upon the evidence as produced by the government. The whole evidence produced against the defendants was marked by a seething mass of perjury, he said, persisted in in spite of his warning to several of the witnesses that the punishment for such perjury in a capital case was death.

Bank President Filed Exceptions

Boston, March 3.—Alfred C. Crozier of Wilmington, Del., spoke before the Boston City club last night on the subject of "The Currency." During the course of his address he condemned the Aldrich bill and declared it was "an attempt on the part of powerful gamblers to secure powers that would enable them to create panics at will." President Reel of the Second National bank of Boston interrupted the speaker and declared that he did not believe some of the statements and would not remain to listen to the speech, and immediately left the hall.

May Be Further Curtailment

Fall River, Mass., March 3.—A plan to continue the curtailment policy will be discussed at a meeting next week of the Fall River Manufacturers' association. At a meeting of Boston mill treasurers held in that city yesterday an extension for two months of the present curtailment agreement was practically decided upon, if the consent of the requisite amount of spinners can be obtained.

Defrauded the Government

Portland, Me., March 3.—A verdict of guilty on both counts of the indictment charging conspiracy to defraud the United States government of money due for postage was found in the case of G. F. Terry and H. W. Boshian. Terry is president and general manager of the Sawyer Publishing company of Waterville and Boshian was in charge of second-class mail matter in the Waterville postoffice.

BABY GIRL CRIED AND SCRATCHED

All the Time—Torturing Eczema
Covered Her Body—Could Not
Sleep—Doctor Said Sores Would
Last for Years—Skin Now Clear.

CURED IN THREE MONTHS
BY CUTICURA REMEDIES

"I take great pleasure in telling you what a great help it was for me to use Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment for my baby niece. She was suffering from that terrible torture, eczema. It was all over her body but the worst was on her face and hands. Her hands were so bad that she could not hold anything. She cried and scratched all the time and could not sleep night or day from the scratching. I had her under the doctor's care for a year and a half and he seemed to do her no good. I took her to the best doctor in the city and he said that she would have the sores until she was six years old. But if I had depended on the doctor my baby would have lost her mind and died from the want of aid."

"I used all the remedies that everybody told me about and I tortured the child almost to death. Then I saw in the paper how Cuticura was the thing for irritating skin. I bathed her with warm water and Cuticura Soap and used the Cuticura Ointment. She was cured in three months. Now her skin is as clear and smooth as it could be. I shall recommend the use of Cuticura wherever I see the skin in bad condition. Alice E. Dowell, 4789 Easton Ave., St. Louis, Mo., May 2 and 20, 1907."

GROWS HAIR Cuticura Removes Dandruff and Soothes Itching Scalps.

Warm steamings with Cuticura Soap, and light dressings with Cuticura, prevent dry, thin, and falling hair, remove crabs, scabs, and dandruff, destroy hair parasites, soothe the irritated, itching surface, stimulate the hair follicles, loosen the scalp skin, supply the roots with energy and nourishment, and make the hair grow upon a sweet, wholesome, healthy scalp when all other treatment fails.

Complete External and Internal Treatment for Every Case of Itching Scalp, Dandruff, Falling Hair, and Baldness. Cuticura Soap (25c) to Cleanse the Skin, Cuticura Ointment (25c) to Heal the Scalp, and Cuticura Tablets (25c) to Purify the Blood. Sold Everywhere. Write for Free Booklet, "How to Grow Hair," to Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Dept. 510, New York, N. Y.

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THOMAS P. PECKHAM, Treasurer.

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Choice Line of Trimmed Hats
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OPPOSITE POST OFFICE.
Telephone 222.

CHAFING DISHES



With an ALCOHOL Lamp
you must fill the lamp, adjust the wick, strike a match, and be very careful not to spill alcohol on the table top.

With ELECTRICITY
you insert the plug and turn the switch. When this is done you can devote all your attention to the recipe.

We have the ELECTRIC kind, made by the General Electric Co. Ask us about them today

OLD COLONY STREET RAILWAY COMPANY

SOUVENIR POSTALS.
you can find anything you want in our assortment of
SOUVENIR POSTAL CARDS.
A VERY COMPLETE LINE OF
NICE STATIONERY
FROM TEN CENTS PER BOX UP.
At Postal Station, No. 1, 174 Broadway.
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27 CLARKE STREET.
The most modern and up to date
House in the City.
A perfect House for Permanent or
Transient Guests.
Rates, \$2.00 Per Day.
SPECIAL RATES BY THE WEEK OR
MONTH.
Apply to
2-3 CORNELIUS MORIARTY, Prop'r.

PERRY HOUSE,
WASHINGTON SQUARE.
OPEN THROUGHOUT THE YEAR
Under entirely new management.
Newly furnished suites with bath up to date.
Rates, \$5 up. Special Rates by the Week.
F. H. WISWELL, Prop.

F. W. PUTMAN, OPT. D.
SCIENTIFIC REFRACTIONIST
—AND—
Dispensing Optician.
Formerly with H. A. BEATH & CO.
Children's Eyes a Specialty.
If you have blurring vision, smarting eyes,
if your head aches a great deal or the lines
have it attended to at once by a competent
man. The prescriptions that were on file at
Beath & Co. are now on file at my office.
Fine optical repairing of all kinds. Glasses
prescription given personal attention.
118 SPRING STREET.
1-27 5:30 A. M.—3:30 P. M.

Furnished Cottages
TO RENT AT
BLOCK ISLAND.
H. S. MILLIKIN,
Real Estate Agent

The Lazy Lad.

Arthur May in February St. Nicholas.

Young Albert was a lazy lad,
And idled all the day;
He would not really very hard,
But had a slothful way.
He would not work, and even had
A great dislike for play.

On January he could never go,
He tried and tried in vain;
But he was always late, and so
At home he would remain,
Because he was so very slow
He always missed the train.

Once he took up a slice of bread
And looked at it in doubt;
And when he asked him why, he said
As he began to eat:
"The butter is so hard to spread,
I'd rather go without."

And when the Christmas bells were rung,
And Santa Claus cried "Ho, ho, ho!"
And when the children were all sprung
Across the snow to see him,
His stockings he would never hang,
Because it tired him so.

It made him tired to go to bed;
It made him tired to rise;
It made him tired to turn his head,
And tried to shut his eyes.
He would not think, because, he said,
It tired him like exercise.

And so though the young Albert went,
A lazy, lazy lad,
He never earned a single cent,
And never wished he had.
Oh, he was very indolent,
And yet not really bad.

Hi-Cowardice.

It was a little old pole cabin on the
side of a Virginia mountain. It stood
in a clearing of half an acre of sterile
land, and on three sides of it were
laurel and pine.

In days of smiling peace it was a
lonely, poverty-stricken place; now that
the war was upon the land, its loneliness
was accentuated.

The hummers and the guineas
passed it by on the rocky road now
and then, but they did not call out or
knock at the door. Of what use?

There would be nothing to steal, and
the food would be of the scantiest.

The inmates of the cabin consisted of
mother and daughter, the former old
and crippled, the latter about twenty
years old, and carrying hate and murder
in her heart for the men in blue,
who were devastating the country as
they marched here and there.

She knew nothing of why they were
there, she only knew that they were
there and that they were leaving
wounds and death and poverty and
bleeding hearts in their wake.

On the open side, twenty rods from
the door of the cabin, there was a
spring, and here a Federal picket was
posted day and night. The growth of
laurel almost reached the spring, and
as the girl looked and looked a smile
flickered over her face.

The picket had been there for a week.
During the day, when she went to the
spring for water, he had sometimes
spoken to her. Once he had offered
her bacon and hardtack from his
haversack, saying that he knew there
were but two women and he pitied
their condition.

The girl had never looked into his
face. The man was her enemy. She
wished him dead. She wished for the
death of thousands more men in the
latter blue.

The post must be guarded at night
as well. Perhaps there were two men
at night. It would be easy for one to
creep along down amidst the laurels,
spring out and do the man to death.

He might even dispose of two if he
struck quickly. The picket had been
there for a week, but she had never
thought of the thick until today.

Of what good to kill one or two men
out of an army of millions, out of that
great horde of marching, fighting men,
whose lives stretched for miles. The
girl might have thought of this, but
she didn't. She shut her teeth hard
and went about the house with a
strange look on her face.

"What is it, Tilda?" asked the old
mother.

"Nothing. I'll tell Scott if he comes
tonight."

Down at the spring the man in blue
was heard whistling or singing at in-
tervals, and at intervals the boom of a
distant cannon reached the women's
ears. The day wore away and night
came down. Then Tilda went to the
spring for a pail of water and to see
her eyes.

The day picket had been changed at
noon, and now she saw that it had
been changed again. The man rose up
from the roof of the pine and spoke to
her, but she dipped in her pail and
made no answer. She had feared there
would be two on post.

"What is it, Tilda?" asked the mother
as the girl entered the cabin.

"Nothing. Scott will be here in half
an hour."

He came a little sooner than that. He
was a young man of three and twenty,
dressed in homespun. He came dodging
and sulking. He came with a look
of fear on his face and an old shotgun
for a weapon.

He had been hiding out for months
and months, living in a cave and
thicket and coming thus two or three
times a week. He feared the con-
scription of the one side and capture on
the other. There was no bravery there—
no patriotism and yet the girl ad-
mired and loved him.

Even when he came to the wretched
cabin, empty handed, and helped to
eat the little she had managed to place
on the table, she loved him.

As the young man came skulking in,
the mother nodded to him. The girl
did more. She beckoned him across
the room and they sat down on the
floor side by side, and in a whisper she
said:

"There's only one man down there
by the spring tonight, Scott."

"Yes," he answered.

"He hasn't looked for no trouble."

"No."

"You jest creep down among the
laurels till you're only ten feet away,
and then you jump and strike him
with the butt of your gun. Make sure
work of it, Scott—make sure work of it."

"Of course. If one smash don't do,
then smash twice."

"But what fur, Tilda—what fur?"
asked the young man, as he drew
away from her a little.

"Hain't they killin' us every day?
Hain't we hungry from mornin' till
night? Hain't they to blame that you
have to hide like a fox? Hain't they
robbed us and stealin' and skeerin' the
women folk night to death? Hain't
it gwine to be the end of us if
nuthin' hain't done?"

The young man was uneasy and he
trembled with him. If he was ever
possessed of physical courage the hid-
ing out and skulking at every alarm
like a wild beast had robbed him of it.

He knew that there was a picket at
the spring day and night. He had
crept to within a few yards of the man
in blue and had a good look at them.
Two or three times he had even aimed
his gun, but had not pressed the trig-
ger.

He reasoned better than the girl. It

was no good to kill a man or two.
Even if he could kill a thousand the
war would go on just the same.

"You want to go now," whispered
Tilda. "I'll go part way with you.
If one smash don't do, then you must
smash twice. Got to do it, Scott—got
to do it."

"But he'll may kill me. He'll
will dare to shoot his gun, while I
won't."

"You must jump out quick and
smash as hard as you can."

Scott moved his feet and wiggled
around uneasily. He also looked at
the girl in a puzzled way. He had
never known her to display such
savagery. He felt that he was ex-
pected to say something, but it was a
long minute before he observed:

"Tilda, if I kill he'll, they will
hunt me down for a bushwhacker."

"If you don't do it, I'll call you a
coward!" she hissed in his ear. "I'll
call you a coward and never, never
marry you."

Scott slowly got to his feet, and tak-
ing his gun from where it leaned
against the wall, he slowly left the
cabin without a look or word for any
one.

Twenty minutes later the man on
post at the spring was startled by a
noise in the thicket. He called out and
fired a shot, and the corporal of the
guard and two men came running from
the guard relief.

"Some blamed bushwhacker sneak-
ing around to assassinate me," reported
the picket.

"Come on—we'll search the cabin up
there," said the corporal.

Scott had entered a moment before
them. Granny and the girl were on
their feet looking at him, but had
asked no questions. The girl knew
that he had failed, and there was
scorn on her face.

"Here he is—here is the bushwhack-
er!" exclaimed the corporal, as he
seized the young man by the collar.

"He'll dangle from a limb at sunrise!"
Scott declared. He wept. He groveled.
He begged and prayed. He had sim-
ply been hiding out, and had never
done harm to a man in blue.

The girl watched and heard and dug
her nails into her palms. Finally she
said to the Corporal:

"He tells you the truth. He is but a
poor, cowardly cur. It was he that
was trying to bushwhack the picket.
Take me and hang me. I hate you all.
I'd like to kill the last one of you. Let
him go and take me."

The men looked at her for a moment,
and then the Corporal moved to the
door with his prisoner, and gave him a
kick, and watched him running for the
cover of the pines. Then he turned to
the defiant girl and raised his cap and
said:

"We don't make war upon women.
They have to suffer in war, but we
pity them. Boys, empty your havers-
acks on the table. Good night."

And when they had departed, Tilda
sank down on the floor and covered
her face with her hands and wept like
a child.

Granny came over and looked at the
coffee and bacon and hardtack and
onions and potatoes, and then whis-
pered:

"Tilda, what is it?"

"Nothing, granny!" sobbed Tilda, as
she wept the harder.

And lying in the pines far up the
mountain side Scott shook and shivered
and wondered how he had
escaped death.—Brooklyn Times.

Two ambitious but inexperienced
golfers were recently battling over the
Commonwealth Country Club links.
All went fairly well, although bogey
remained practically intact, until they
reached a tee overlooking a pond.

Half drove furiously, then cautiously,
half a dozen balls into the murky
depths of the pool. Stranding near by
was a little girl, stupid but curious.
After the twelfth ball had plunged to
rise no more, she queried blankly, but
silently, of the golfer:

"Say, mister, what is the fun in thi
game?"—Milwaukee Journal.

"Is it far from here to the next
town?" asked a tourist of a man he
met on a rural road.

"Well, it ain't so very far, nor it
ain't so very night, and yet it ain't as
nigh as might be if it wasn't so far as
it is. Still it'd be better if it wasn't so
nigh, so I reckon one might say that it
is betwixt an' between fer an' nigh."—
Lippincott's Magazine.

Sam—What's de matter with you
and Chloë?

Susan—Matter 'nough. She insulted
my friend, Mr. Jackson, what called
on me las' night.

Sam—Insulted Mr. Jackson, did she?
Susan—Dat's what she done. She
asked me who dat 'ere nocturnal visit-
or was!—Yonkers Statesman.

His Wife—You would not have half
the nervousness you do if you would
give up smoking.

Himself—Oh, I couldn't live without
my pipe.

His Wife—Yes, you could. You told
Mille Perry you could not live without
her before you met me.

"Why, Johnny," said Mrs. Muggins
"what are you doing here? Is Willie's
party over?"

"None," blubbered Johnny. "But
the minute I got inside the house Wil-
lie's father told me to make myself at
home, and I came."—Harper's Week-
ly.

"My goodness!" exclaimed an anx-
ious mother. "What in the world
made your face so dirty, Willie?"

"Johnny Jones and me had a fight,"
explained Willie, "and he throwed
more dirt in my face than I could
swallow."—Mother's Magazine.

The Lady—So you are an old soldier?
How thrilling! Tell me what is the
narrowest escape you ever had? The
Swatly—Well, you know, once I was
freed from a regiment just two days
before it was ordered to the Philippines.
—Cleveland Leader.

First Visitor—Most interesting con-
fession round about here. Have you seen
the ruins? Second Visitor (who has
just paid his bill)—Yes; I suppose you
mean the guests leaving this hotel.
—London Answers.

Bacon—The single men do not seem
to be afraid of leap year any more.
Egbert—No. You see, as soon as the
girls get ready to leap the men prepare
to jump.—Yonkers Statesman.

Muriel—Why didn't you marry him?
Everybody says he has reformed.
Maud—Yes; but he reformed too
late. His money was all gone.—New
Orleans Times-Democrat.

A person is always startled when he
hears himself seriously called old for
the first time.—O. W. Holmes.

CASPERIA.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Beary the

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The Warships Last State.

By Winthrop Packard.

Some of our latest and proudest battleships are now obsolete—in the glances of the magazine writers. So let them remain while they proudly and fearlessly sail the mighty waters of the Pacific, where we all know they will give a good account of themselves in any emergency. This story deals with warships which are obsolete in fact, as well as in imagination, and aims to tell what becomes of them. Some ships of our navy have been killed in battle, pierced to the heart with shot and shell, and died gloriously with their flag still streaming in the breeze and their guns barking defiance. Such was the fate of several vessels when the Merrimack met them in Hampton Roads during the war of the great Rebellion. Some—an unlucky few—have been captured by the enemy and made to turn their guns on their sister ships, as was the case of the unfortunate Chesapeake off Boston Harbor in the war of 1812. But the great bulk of them meet neither such glorious disaster nor such ignominious fate. They simply decline from their prime of usefulness to what is at first but honorable retirement. They are good ships still, but later models and more powerful engines and armaments have outclassed them. Of such is the Oregon, whose record trip around the Horn and whose performance in the battle of Santiago focused the eyes of an admiring world upon her. Today the Oregon is outclassed in speed, armament and protective armor, and with others of her class is rapidly approaching a doddering old age at a navy yard dock, sent to dementia and the forgotten land.

A ship, however dead to the naval world, may not pass from the navy list of the United States without certain definite ceremonies performed with due solemnity by the naval authorities under authority of an act of Congress, as witness this from the latest annual report of the Secretary of the Navy:

THE DEATH SENTENCE.

Since the date of the last annual report the U. S. S. *Earnest*, lying at the Navy Yard, Mare Island, San Francisco, was on March 24 stricken from the Naval Register in pursuance of Section 2 of the act of Congress approved Aug. 5, 1892 (Stat. L. Vol. 22, p. 286), the vessel having been condemned by a board of survey on March 2, 1905, as unfit for further service as a naval vessel.

That is to say, word having been sent to the Navy Department that a ship has died of old age at her dock, a coroner's jury immediately examines her to set the stamp of official approval on her death that the obsequies may proceed. Then comes the stripping of the hull at the navy yard, everything removable being taken—stores, furnishings, fittings, guns, spars, and all detachable metal, until the bare hull alone remains to be considered. After which arrives another board: that of Survey and Appraisal. These place a value on the stripped hull, below which the authorities have no right to sell her, except by special approval by the President of the United States.

The story is told in the further words of the Secretary's report on the *Earnest*:

"The appraised value of the vessel as fixed by the Board of Survey and Appraisal was \$900. After due advertisement the bids were opened at the Navy Department, the bidders and the amounts of the bids being as follows: William J. Wood, San Francisco Cal. \$11,000; John Anderson, Vallejo, Cal. \$9,000; The California Academy of Sciences \$10,000. The California Academy of Sciences having submitted the highest bid above the appraised value of the vessel, the offer of that institution was accepted. After deducting the expenses of advertising the sale of the *Earnest*, \$17.05, the balance, \$882.95, was covered into the Treasury as miscellaneous receipts on account of Proceeds of Sale of Government Property, in accordance with Section 3615 of the Revised Statutes."

Mention this particular sale at length because the *Earnest* was only a little two-masted schooner and was one of the least of Government vessels. Yet the same careful process, all according to statute, had to be used in her case as for larger and more valuable vessels. The Navy Department has for some years been peddling out the Civil War warships, wonderful fighting ships of their day; now, of course, nothing but rusty junk. In 1904 five of these were offered for sale—the *Jackson*, *Lehigh*, *Montauk*, *Nahant* and *Catawba*. The first four were sold at prices ranging from \$12,563 to \$12,850 each; the *Catawba*, appraised at \$15,000, evidently being considered too high in price and receiving no bid.

JAPAN CAPTURES AN AMERICAN WARSHIP.

In 1903 the iron paddle-wheel gunboat *Monocacy* was considered as unfit for service and sold, the circumstance being somewhat out of the ordinary run, as the boat at the time was in service as one of the Asiatic squadron. She was advertised for sale by the fleet commander-in-chief, her appraised value being \$8000. Bids were received from firms, Chinese and Japanese, in Shanghai, Peking, Yokohama, Nagasaki and Chefoo, and ranged from \$9000 gold to \$25,000 in Mexican silver, the highest bid being that of Hashimoto & Co. of Nagasaki. Thus the *Monocacy* was the first war vessel of the United States Navy to be captured by Japan.

The passing of the old *Monocacy* from the navy list was an event which interested Massachusetts in general and the members of the Massachusetts Naval Brigade in particular, for the *Monocacy* had been stationed in Boston harbor for many years as a receiving ship and the armory of the second battalion of the Massachusetts Naval Brigade. Just prior to the Spanish War her gun deck resounded to the martial tread of recruits drilling with her great muzzle loading guns and in other ways fitting themselves for the difficulty with Spain, which was later so speedily and happily adjusted by fighting it out. The *Monocacy* was a famous vessel in many ways. She it was whom the first Monitor saved from the Merrimack just as destruction was imminent. She carried scars from the shot wounds of the memorable battle to the day of her death. She was one of the last and greatest of the old-fashioned sailing ships of which our navy of the time before the Civil War was rightly proud. Yet like all the others she was to fall at last to the auctioneer's hammer and the ore of the junk-man. Her stripped carcass, even to the old-time cast iron guns which were so ponderous and unwieldy have been taken out of her, must still have been reckoned of much value for the "bust price" put on her by the Thomas F. Butler & Co. of Boston for \$25,735.88.

The final fate of the *Monocacy* was that of the *Saratoga*, another famous

ship of her type. In fact, the last scene in the passing of these old wooden ships of the line is as vivid and dramatic as anything in their career. Their battered hulks, stripped to the raw, beached on some favorable spot are left to moulder to slow decay; they are spared the humiliation of dissection, but instead, some dark night, flame up with sudden fire which sweeps the ship's soul to Valhalla.

THE BURNING OF THE SARATOGA.

The *Saratoga* was burned the other day down at the mouth of the Saguenay River on the Lyon marshes, having been sold by the Navy Department and bought by the same firm that bought the *Monocacy*, Thomas F. Butler & Co. At work on her charred bones I found Captain Turner of Malden, who has spent his life in breaking up warships and other vessels, the *Saratoga* being his eighty-ninth. The live oak in the old ship's ribs still smoldered, burning as coal does, and the skeleton of the once proudly vessel lay sheathed in ice and surrounded by a world of ice that the ebb and flow of the tide raised and dropped and crushed together and whirled apart until the tumbled cakes rode one another for all the world like Arctic floes. The bay itself was ice clear over to Nahant. Such polar scenes will two weeks of zero weather bring to the shores of Massachusetts Bay. A would-be Arctic explorer wishing a taste of the real thing might well try facing the keen north wind with sledge and dog team, starting at the Point of Pines and endeavoring to find the source of the Saguenay. The ice conditions would be about the same. On shore was a mighty derrick, tons of copper and iron bolts, and all the metal thus far rescued from the still burning hulk. Here is a deckhouse from the *Saratoga* housing a donkey engine. There is another from the once famous Portsmouth drydock, a lighthouse-like deckhouse, which in the upper deck berths and shelters Brophy, night watchman and steward.

Here in this snug foretop the gang eats its midday meal, and here I, having with the wisdom of serpents fallen into the Saguenay through the ice alongside the hulk and been duly rescued, was allowed to sit behind the big cook stove, clad in portions of Brophy's best suit, watching my wet clothes dry, and absorbing much knowledge and many tales of wrecking ships at home and abroad.

STRIPPING UNNECESSARY.

There have been trips to Bermuda in winter, where English warships are to be bought and broken up. Captain Turner broke up the *Ferris* down there in the winter of 1905. Before that the *Viper* had met a similar fate, the *Wildwood* had been towed to St. John and sold, and the *Scorpion* in tow off Cape Cod had been lost in a gale. In the contrast between the conditions of the British vessels and the American when offered for sale one learns to scorn the frugality of Uncle Sam, in that he strips his ships, while the British sell theirs with almost everything in place, even to the guns.

"It's a foolish waste of time and money to strip their ships as they do," was the growl. "Most of the stuff they take off they can never have any use for, and they don't get back ten cents on the dollar of the cost of it. It all comes of a lot of men at the navy yards having to have something to do to hold their jobs. Without that the ships would bring enough more money in the open market. Why, some ships we have to put out two or three hundred dollars on to make them fit for towing, so much is taken off them."

It will thus be seen that the difference between the cost price of the ship and the value of the metal in her is not the profit on the job by any means. There is the cost of towing her to a suitable place for breaking up, the cost of breaking up and handling the heavy junk. This must often be stored to wait a market and then carted to the purchaser, for the handling of these old warships is after all only the glorified side of junk dealing.

"There has been a million or so in it for one firm and nothing but loss of money for others."

"Fire is the thing for a wooden vessel," said Brophy. "Look at— (What!) he be doing but take out every nail and lay every board in a pile so that he can sell a few of them some time. No wonder he never makes anything. He'll have a ship on his hands for years, paying out money on her all the time instead of taking it in. No, the smart way, says I. Stand out of the way while she burns, pick up the metal when it's cold and be ready for the next ship."

"It's not so easy to get a ship like the *Saratoga* afire, is it?" I hazarded. "I suppose you soak her in kerosene."

HOW QUICKLY THEY BURN.

Captain Turner smiled and the rest of the gang grinned as audibly as mouths full of good beefsteak and potatoes would allow. "Why, bless you no," said the captain. "All you do is to make a little pile of shavings and wood at each end of her, touch a match to it and light out as fast as you can. There is no trouble about the ship's taking fire, the only trouble you'll have will be to get out before the fire catches you. I've had to jump out of a port hole into the tide to save myself from being Casabianca. A warship is not so bad, but you take one of the South steamers—we broke up the *Massachusetts* the Fall River Line not so very long ago—and you are likely to have to run for your life. All that gingerbread glumcrack upperwork burns like tinder."

"You take one of the old-time monitors, in fact any steel battleship, and it's a different job, a pretty job, too. It's not a matter for fire this time; there's nothing to burn. It's the case of iron or steel riveted and built to stand the fire of big guns. Many a monitor we've broken up which showed dents in the turret where great solid shot have hit them square and never stirred a rivet. The turret you must drill, but for the rest of the ship it's just a matter of sledge hammers and big cold chisels. You cut them apart, rivet by rivet, and a man with a hammer and cold chisel does what all the solid shot of the Confederate batteries couldn't do. So you take them off, plate by plate, clear down to the water's edge."

The dinner was at an end, but there were reminiscences of Nut Island, down Boston Harbor, where for years and a generation ago it was the custom to break up old wooden ships. Here I could myself recollect as a small boy seeing quaint old hulks heeling the bar in intimate companionship, listening for the cobs of Gabriel's trumpet and sniffing the torch of their own funeral pyres.

It was Sindbad's magnetic mountain, whither came all ships, drawn by strange power, whenever from Long Island Sound, warships built a century ago in the early days of the ironclad, sailed the rough seas of the Grand Banks, brigs from the Mediterranean

and ships whose keels had long furrowed the vivid tropic blue of the Indian Ocean to leave their keels buried fathom deep in Tom Butler's loneyard on Nut Island bar.

Those days are past now. Many of the ships bought draw too much water to be burned at Nut Island or any available place in Boston harbor. It is necessary to strand them safely at high tide in such fashion that they will lie snowward with the falling water and be high and dry at the bottom of the ebb. Thus the *Minnesota* was towed to Eastport, Me., to be broken up, the sides running high enough and falling low enough there to float and strand even her great bulk.

In The Up-To-Date Barber Shop.

"This towel," said the attendant to the patron, "has been subjected to extreme heat and is thoroughly sterilized."

"Good!" complimented the patron. "We take every precaution against exposing our patrons to infection or contagion. This soap," continued the attendant, "has been de-bacterIALIZED, and the comb and brush are thoroughly anti-sterilized."

"Glad to hear it," said the patron. "The chair in which you sit has a daily bath in bichloride of mercury and its cushions are baked in an oven heated to 187 degrees, which is guaranteed to destroy any bacillus that happens to be present."

"An excellent idea," said the patron. "The razor and the latter brush are boiled before used, and the latter cup is dry heated until there is not the slightest possibility of any germs clinging to it."

"Fine." "The hot water with which the latter is mixed is always double heated and sprayed with a germicide, besides being filtered and distilled."

"A wise precaution." "Even the floor and the ceiling and the walls and the furniture are antiseptically treated every day, and all change handed out to our customers is first wiped with antiseptic gauze. The shoe polish at the bootblack chair is boiled, then frozen, and then—"

"Say," observed the patron, who had been sitting wrapped in the germ proof towel all this time, "why don't you go ahead and shave me? Think I'm loaded with some sort of germ that you've got to take to death?"

"I am not the barber, sir." "You're out? Where is he?" "They're boiling him, sir."—New York Sun.

The Age of Birds.

Birds of very small size and slender built not only live to a very old age, but in their old age are freer from accidents and signs of senility than is always the case among mammals. It is to be said that crows and carrion crows lived over one hundred years. If this statement seems rather exaggerated, there is no question that well known naturalists speak of crows of fifty, sixty and even seventy years old. Eagles, horned owls and herons attain similar ages, and Mr. Gurpey, the English naturalist, cites a condor of fifty-two years old, a horned owl of sixty-eight and a royal eagle that died in its fifty-sixth year. But the record of longevity undoubtedly belongs to the parrot. An Amazon parrot reached the ripe old age of 102 years, and a Frenchman, Mr. Lavoisier, tells us of a parrot, Jackie by name, that had lost its memory at sixty, its sight at ninety, and had died at ninety-three. Some birds live just as long. A swan reached the age of seventy—a tidy length of days, though considerably short of the three hundred years which legends give to the age of swans. A wild goose attained to the age of eighty years, and a tame duck, belonging to Dr. Jean Chagot, died, still "robust" and without any signs of senescence, when over twenty-five years of age.—Le Matin.

A Pebble in the Candy.

Is there legal solace for a man who encounters a small boulder in peanut candy and has to go to a dentist for a new tooth? Justice J. O. Emerson of Quindaro township, Wyandotte County, believes there is, and he awarded yesterday to Lester Derezy \$75 damages against a confectionery company. It was last July that Derezy was tempted by peanut candy in the store of Alfred Curtis, a confectioner of Argenteite. He came down on the pebble and then inquired who made the candy. He sued the maker for \$300 damages and offered the pebbles as evidence.

In Boston.

Robert, aged four, the chubby and pretty son of a scientist, had lived in the country most of his short life. One day a caller from the nearby city, wishing to make friends with the little fellow, took him on his knee and asked:

"Are there any fairies in your woods here, Robert?"

"No," responded Robert promptly, "but there are edible fungi."—Pitt-Bits.

A certain town council after a protracted sitting was desirous of adjourning for luncheon. The proposition was opposed by the mayor, who thought that if his fellow councilors felt the stimulus of hunger the dispatch of business would be much facilitated.

At last an illiterate member got up and exclaimed: "I am astonished, I am surprised, I am amazed, Mr. Mayor, that you will not let us go to lunch!"

"I'm surprised," exclaimed one of his colleagues, "that a gentleman who has got so much 'ham' in his mouth wants any lunch at all!"—London Soraps.

"I've learned why I get so tired and dizzy and headache when I'm doing shopping," said a woman shopper in one of the stores yesterday. "It's because I haven't been eating enough. Shopping is the hardest kind of mental and physical work and one requires more food than when staying at home. I've been completely exhausted every day until today, but I feel all right now because I stopped in a little lunch-room a while ago and got an extra meal."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

French tact is proverbial. A rather tiresome marquis came up yawning to the Prince de Ligne of the court of Louis XVI.

"That was exactly what I was going to say to you," observed the Prince, gravely.—Puck.

Miss Farrar's Advice.

Words of Cheer to Young Aspirants to Operatic Laurels.

From Emily M. Burbank's "Geraldine Farrar" in the March Century.

Miss Farrar is frequently asked for advice by young aspirants to operatic laurels. She is always emphatic to her insistence that, as an equipment to start with, a capacity for work, great patience, and a fixed determination to succeed in spite of all obstacles, are as necessary as talent. The comments which follow have been made in response to specific questions which I have addressed to her, in the belief that what she would say would be of interest to the general reader and of special use to the student of singing.

"It is impossible to lay down rules as to how one should prepare for opera. That depends very much upon the nature of the student. During my own student days at Paris and Berlin, I studied the voice and diction. For two months at the beginning I took plastic exercises; but as this did not seem to advance me as I had wished, I left conventional acting, and devoted the time to reading, observing actors and actresses, and visiting galleries to study poses from painting and statuary. The lines in architecture also gave me suggestions. After I went into opera, I learned from making mistakes. I never took fencing lessons or any physical culture. Until my debut in opera, the general tone of my days was gray; there were no brilliant flashes."

"Since beginning to sing, I have often disregarded, after conscientious trial, the advice of the experienced, though it meant to break away from the old traditions and to take to new paths far more difficult to tread than those usually prescribed for all students of opera, regardless of individual needs. I believe no young singer can 'grow' in a room; that is, after the pupil is sufficiently advanced to withstand the healthy fatigue of easy singing, and has learned to master breath control so as to avoid strains. It seems but reasonable that she should then try her faculties, as a young bird tries its wings, in that school where she means to make her life's career. In the foreign opera houses young voices are given suitable parts, and their progress is watched and encouraged, humiliations not being unkindly censured."

"The public is too often inclined to demand the ripeness of maturity from youth, while ignoring certain rare qualities which invariably pass with the passing of youth, compensated for, but not regained, by mastering the art of strolling. Years of diligent practice in a room under the direction of a vigilant teacher cannot inspire the independence, perception and self-reliance that a real artist must find when she allows her own intelligence to be her master. I was most fortunate in bringing able to imbibed much learning from my teacher, Lilli Lehmann, and then to present the results immediately to a public which knew me professionally, and had watched my progress with affectionate interest."

"It rests with each one whether he shall seek from within or accept from without."

Dog Intelligence.

Remarkable Qualities of the "Malamutes" Who Carry the Mail in Alaska.

From Lida Ross McCalh's "Where Dog Is King" in March St. Nicholas.

The Eskimo begins to train his dog for sled work before it is a month old. One of the most interesting features of Eskimo villages are puppied led to the pole of a tent. They pull on the rope with all their puppy strength in the effort to break away and join in the frolics of their elders.

Not until a dog bred for mail service is one year old is he put in training for the trail. It begins by running ten miles with the team, then it is dropped out. Next day it runs the same distance. Gradually the distance is increased until it reaches its fifteenth month of life, when it becomes part of the regular service. The life of a mail dog is from three to four years. No greater punishment can be inflicted than to lay a dog off from service. When curiously they are often threatened with a lay-off, and with almost human intelligence they seem to understand the disgrace it implies in the eyes of their fellow-workers on the trail. All fight to be leaders.

A constant spur to an unambitious dog is the "oulander" who will quickly lay away the leadership not only in the mail service, but in teams maintained chiefly for the pleasure of the sport. The intelligence of the malamute is remarkable, its scent wonderful, its instinct, as a rule, unerring.

Some dogs are better trail followers than others, as some are better leaders. In a blizzard the best of them lose the trail but invariably find it. When on the trail they never eat but once a day, then at the end of a journey. After feeding like weary children they fall asleep and are never quarrelsome. It takes on an average twenty pounds of food a day for a team of eleven dogs on a hard route.

A lanky countryman from the mines came into the Argus office. "My old governor's dead and I should like a bit of poetry or something put in the paper about him."

"All right," says the clerk, "hand it over."

"Can't you fix something up for me?" asks the miner. "He was a right good chap."

"Oh, yes," replies the clerk, "we'll manage that for you; our charge for 'In Memoriam' notices is sixpence an inch."

"Oh, thunder!" exclaims the mourner, "I can't stand that; my governor was over six feet!"—Melbourne Argus.

Shylock was about to take the pound of flesh, when Portia, having on a blue crepe de chine, with pampasier trimmings and plaited ruffles on the skirt, stepped forward.

"It seems," she said, exultantly, flourishing the front page of the morning paper, "that you are a member of the beef trust."

Whereupon the common people groaned and led him off to the ice-house.—Life.

"This subversive to wealth is simply disgusting. Here Scribblin, the society poet, has written verses to Miss Millyann's fairy feet, and they're as big as all outdoors. Can you imagine how he could get up any sentiment about them?"

"Certainly; such a subject should be all alone."

"Young Jolt makes quite a show with his speedy automobile, doesn't he?"

"Well, from the way he keeps on getting arrested, the show is something of a continuous fine performance."

Women's Dep't.

That was a bright retort that was made at one of the open-air meetings in New York for woman suffrage the other day. "You would do with the vote if you had it? Take it home and make me of it?" growled a man in the crowd. "And what have you done with it?" quickly answered the lady speaker. "Haven't you taken it to Albany and made hash of it?"

Tilt For Tat.

Representative Davey, of Louisiana, has introduced into the National House of Representatives a bill providing for the submission of a Constitutional Amendment prohibiting disfranchisement on account of sex; and Senator Warren, of Wyoming, has introduced a similar measure in the Senate. These bills have been referred to the Judiciary Committee of the House and to the Senate Committee on Women Suffrage. A hearing will be granted March 31st. When representative women from many States will plead the merits of such legislation.

Would Have Women Vote.

There is a "New York State Association Opposed to Woman Suffrage," with headquarters in New York City. It has issued its 12th annual report, in a pamphlet of 12 pages, a copy of which has reached the Journal. From a dilige perusal of the same, the writer concludes that the Association could as well have had its report printed on a visiting card and embodied in the two words "Nothing Doing."

Not Complimentary, But—

Coming, N. Y. Journal.

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Men's League Growing.

The Men's League for Women's Suffrage in England, which was started less than a year ago, is reported to be growing steadily. Its members say they believe that "the greatest service we can render to the generations to come is to make it possible for the common good of society."

The Treasurer of this League is Mr. Stanton Coit, formerly of Columbus, Ohio. His mother, the late Elizabeth Coit, was an active worker in the Ohio Woman's Suffrage Association for many years.

Labor Unions. A Progressive Force.

At their recent annual meetings, the State Federations of Labor of Kansas and of Tennessee adopted resolutions declaring for woman suffrage. Other State Federations which have taken similar action are: California, Colorado, Connecticut, Illinois, Indiana, Maine, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, New Hampshire, Ohio, Oklahoma, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Washington, West Virginia.

Taxpayers Suffrage for Michigan Women.

The Michigan Constitutional Convention voted down by a small majority the proposal to give general suffrage to all women, but adopted a clause giving women taxpayers the right to vote on questions involving the expenditure of public money.

The tax-paying women of Montana were given suffrage on tax questions in 1887; those of Louisiana in 1893; and those of New York State (outside of the cities) in 1901. In Iowa, by a law passed in 1894, women, whether taxpayers or not, have a vote on local tax questions.

Jefferson's Ten Rules.

Never put off until tomorrow what you can do today.

Never trouble another for what you can do yourself.

Never spend your money before you have made it.

Never buy what you don't want because it is cheap.

Pride costs more than hunger, thirst and cold.

We seldom regret of having eaten too little.

Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly.

How much pain the evils that have never happened have cost us.

Take things always by the smooth handle.

When angry, count ten before you speak; when very angry count one hundred.

"Now John," said the billionaire's sister.

"Well?"

"When the rector asks if you take this woman to be your wedded wife, please don't say there's no truth in the rumor."—Washington Herald.

For Over Sixty Years.

Dr. Wm. Winslow's "Soothing Syrup" has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. If disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a child suffering with teething, Dr. Wm. Winslow's "Soothing Syrup" will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. It cures Diarrhea, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Whooping Cough, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. Dr. Wm. Winslow's "Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Remedy and ask for Dr. Wm. Winslow's "Soothing Syrup." Guaranteed under the Food and Drug Act, June 30th, 1906. Serial number 1028.

King Edward has a collection of 170 cur-loum snaking sticks.

The simplest and best regulator of the disordered liver in the world, are Carter's Little Liver Pills. They give prompt relief in Sick Headaches, Dizziness, Nausea, etc., prevent and cure Constipation and Biliousness. Sallow and Pimples from the Complexion are mild and gentle in their operation on the bowels. Carter's Little Liver Pills are small and as easy to take as sugar. One pill a dose. Price 25 cents.

The ancient Egyptians used a form of blast furnace 2000 B. C.

It has been taken two of Carter's Little Liver Pills before retiring and would not have had that coated tongue or bad taste in the mouth this morning. Keep a vial with you for occasional use.

Flamming is said to have a fire record larger than that of any other city in the world.

Are free from all crude and irritating matters. Concentrated medicine only. Carter's Little Liver Pills. Very small; very easy to take; no pain; no griping; no purging. Try them.

Smart Weed and Balm, combined with the other ingredients used in the best personal medicine, make Carter's S. W. & A. B. Balm the most perfect in the market. Price 25 cents.

Mother and Daughter.

At dead of night her silk smooth hair in two thick streams dividing. All over her gleaming shoulder its lustrous tress daily lay. She stood looking at her mirror, a conscious smile half hiding. And the hair was tapers burning inside the chamber light as day.

Slowly she lifts at last her velvety eyes to her mother—Her long eyes, heavy lidded, with a warm and languid gaze; Sad and almost stern is the answering look of the other. And the keen eyes fill with tears at the thought of long past days.

Her smile is fixed and grave, and her small foot tugs the floor.

"My hair was longer than yours, with that chestnut gloss," sighs she. "Till you, my first-born, came—" her voice drops low and lower. "Ah, child, you little guess what a woman I must have been!"

"She can't think no more of self when once she becomes a mother." "Self? Who could think of self?" the startled maiden cries. "Should I have been laughing on the shrine we raised to mother?" And a woman's soul is dawning in the passionate June eyes.

Giveth. What is woman's life but an ecstasy of giving? Tears and blushes and pangs, anguish and dread delight. Holy the virgin's hopes, from the seated-up fount of living. And holy the mother's prayers, in the patient cry of night!

In wayward strands of silk smooth hair her slender fingers twine. She stands at the telltale mirror with never a word to say. A bowless smile of earth than heaven on her white forehead shining. And the hair was tapers burning make the chamber light as day!—Elinor, in *Woman's Home Companion*.

The Soldier's Friend.

Wonderful Sagacity Shown by Trained Dogs as Part of an Army.

From W. G. Fitzgerald's "Dogs on the Battlefield" in March St. Nicholas.

For dogs to be enlisted in every great army of the world, either in the ambulance department or as scouts and dispatch bearers, is surely something of a novelty.

Historical and Genealogical.

Notes and Queries.

In sending matter to this department the following rules must be absolutely observed:

1. Names and dates must be clearly written.
2. The full name and address of the writer must be given.
3. Make all queries as brief and concise as possible.
4. Write on one side of the paper only.
5. Transcribing queries always give the date of the paper, the number of the query and the signature.
6. Letters addressed to contributors, or to be forwarded, must be sent in blank stamped envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and its signature.

Direct all communications to:

MISS E. M. TILLEY,
Newport Historical Rooms,
Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, MARCH 7, 1908.

NOTES.

PHILLIPS—Michael Phillips, born [unclear], died before 1693; Freeman of Newport, R. I., 1693. He married Barbara [unclear], who afterward married Edward Juman, and died about 1706. Little is known of this Phillips family. Michael's son

John Phillips, married Rebecca [unclear]. He was Freeman of Newport, R. I., 1696. His children's names are learned from an indenture made Mar. 25, 1780, when Michael Phillips of North Kingstown was given power of attorney to dispose of lands in Warwick which had belonged to his brother John Phillips of Newport, deceased. The heirs signifying were Ruth Phillips, widow of John; Isaac Peckham; Benjamin Phillips, weaver; William Phillips, house carpenter; and Samuel Phillips, all of Newport. John's daughter

Barbara Phillips, born March 15, 1687, died about 1721, married November 18, 1711, Isaac Peckham, of Newport and Middletown, R. I.—E. M. T.

YOUNG—The following helps descendants of Sam'l. Young:

"At a Court of Probate holden Newport, July 30, 1848.

Be it remembered that satisfactory evidence was adduced to this Court to prove that Samuel Young died at Newport on the sixteenth day of Nov. 1847 and that he was a Revolutionary pensioner of the United States under the Act of Congress of [unclear] and that he left no widow, and that Nancy Hudby wife of Hattie Hudby, Patience Thurston, wife of William C. Thurston, Sally Freeman, wife of John T. Freeman, William Young, Eliza Thomas, wife of Allen Thomas, and John Young are the children and the only children living of said Samuel Young and are all of age, and certificate ordered to issue thereon.

A true copy.

Benj. B. Howland, Prob. Clk.
Recorded July 13, 1848 by
Benj. B. Howland, Prob. Clk."

QUERIES.

6618. **CLARKE**—Who was John Clarke, who died Sept. 11, 1703, at Newport, R. I., and left widow Elizabeth? Would like list of his children.—F. B.

6619. **CHILD**—Who were the ancestors of Elizabeth Child, of Newport, R. I., wife of Oliver? He owned land in Newport about 1738.—A. M.

6620. **MASON**—A manuscript note concerning the Mason family of Swansea, Mass., says that Ann, daughter of Peckham Mason, born June 9, 1705, died May 23, 1776, married [unclear], had one son and 3 daughters. Can any one tell me the names of her husband and children?—B. C. D.

6621. **STUDLEY**—Benjamin Studley, married in Scituate in 1752, Hannah (4) Litchfield born about 1721, daughter of Samuel (3) Litchfield. He belonged in Hanover, son of Eliab and Mary (Briggs) Studley. Give the date of his birth. He lived in Hingham, where his children were baptized. When and where did he die? Did he remove from Hingham to Warren or Leicester? When and where did she die? How old at death? They had eleven children: Elizabeth, (5) baptized 1754; Benjamin, baptized 1757; Abner, baptized 1757; probably died young; Haden, baptized 1760, married Isaac Moore, and lived in Warren; Mary, baptized 1764; James, baptized 1764, died in 1766; Zenas, baptized 1764, died in 1771; Nabby (or Abigail), born in 1768, married John R. Josey, and lived in Warren; Deborah, married Arad Woodworth (see Woodworth Genealogy); Zenas (married and died in Leicester, leaving children); Joseph lived in Leicester. Wanted: birth marriages, children, deaths, etc., of all these children, except Hannah, Abigail, and Deborah.—B. B.

6622. **LITCHFIELD**—Experience (4) Litchfield born in Scituate about 1723; served in the revolution, and is reported to have died from injuries in 1776. He married in 1751 Rhoda Studley, born in 1735, died in 1810. They had three and perhaps four children. 1. Rhoda, (5) baptized May 15, 1757, perhaps died Oct. 27, 1824 (or was this the death of another Rhoda?). 2. Wealthy, (6) baptized Oct. 1, 1758, married Joshua Danson (named above in question No. 48). 3. Jonathan, (5) baptized Nov. 24, 1760, of whom nothing more is known. 4. Experience (6) (9), given on a Litchfield chart, of whom nothing is known, unless it was he who also served in the Revolution. Would like all the information on this family that can be found.—B. B.

6623. **MERRITT**—Obadiah Merritt, born in Scituate in 1723, died there in 1794 (see Litchfield Genealogy, page 104, footnote), married in 1746, Deborah (4) Litchfield, sister of Experience (4) above, and had twelve children. 1. Hannah (5), born in 1747, died in 1783. 2. Lucy, born in 1750, unmarried in 1794; did she marry later? 3. Jonathan, born in 1754; living in 1794; did he marry and have children? 4. Charles, born and died in 1766. 5. Malachi, born in 1757, died in 1768. 6. Noah, born in 1758, married Elizabeth Bryant. 7. Luke, born and died in 1760. 8. Gamaliel, born in 1761, married Mrs. Hannah (Mott) Rose in 1782. 9. Deborah, born in 1763, married Eli Curtis, Jr. 10. Malachi, born in 1765, married Mercy Webb in 1780. 11. Elisha, born in 1768, married Sally Cook in 1802. 12. Israel, born in 1770, married Celia Young in 1797. Wanted: Partage of these wives and husbands,

their children, marriages, deaths, etc.—B. B.

ANSWERS.

6610. **CORNELL BIDDLE**—I don't think we will at all straighten out the Gideon Cornells by denying the record of Rebecca (Cornell) Biddle, probably named after her mother Rebecca (Vaughan) Cornell. She was more capable than ourselves of knowing how many brothers she had. If she had had more brothers, as M. I. seems to think, what object would she have in saying that she had a brother who died an infant, at the age of 9 months, and that she was her father's only child at the time of his death, which she tells us was 1706. Her father, Gideon, we are told was Lieut. Governor and Chief Justice of the Colony of Rhode Island, also Deputy and Assistant (or Senator), and had a farm in Middletown, about six miles from Newport, also another farm of about 120 acres on the West side of the island; a good house in Newport, on Thames St., opposite the Liberty Tree, and resided in a leased one, opposite the Parade Ground near the State House.

In addition to all this, he was a hatter, and ran a joiner's shop, as M. I. suggests, he must have been a very busy man. The Martha Cornell whose will is on the original Portsmouth records, and who unites sons William, George and Gideon, was Martha Freeman, wife of Thomas Cornell and daughter of Gideon and Sarah (Brownell) Freeman. I don't quite understand M. I.'s statement, "There seems to be just as much reason for believing Gideon who married Rebecca Child to be a son of Gideon and Rebecca as of Gideon and Amy."—J. C.

Inspector of Nuisances.

The Inspector of Nuisances reports that during the month of February, 1908, 193 inspections were made, divided as follows:

Premises where inside or non freezing closets were found, 112; no traps to sinks, 2; sinks stopped, 1; water closets stopped up, 2; cleared, 2; nuisance from leaking waste pipes, 2; foul odors and rubbish in cellar, 1; no sewage, slops thrown in yard, 2; dirty yards, cleaned, 1; vaults found clean, 1; half full or less, 40; full or over-flowing, 6; nuisance from low awnings, 1; stables found clean, 4; inspections where diphtheria was reported, 8; not classified, 4.

The Wall Street Journal thinks that if such a volume as the Geological Survey of the United States lays before its readers every year could have fallen into the hands of western Europe towards the end of the fifteenth century, Christopher Columbus would have had no trouble in getting together a crew to brave the ocean on his way around the earth to find what he supposed was India. The value of this country's output of minerals in 1906 was \$1,902,517,505, and that of the year 1907 will undoubtedly be at least \$2,000,000,000.

Jamestown.

There was a special town meeting on Saturday last for tax paying voters, at which there was a long discussion of a resolution that was presented and finally passed. The resolution provides for the appointment of a committee of fifteen to receive all propositions for the appropriation of money at the April town meeting, to investigate the same and report as they think advisable; also to recommend any proposition whereby the expenditures of the town may be reduced. The following committee was appointed: Elijah Anthony, Abbot Chandler, John E. Watson, Harry S. Stubbs, J. H. Tefft, Charles E. Weeden, A. H. Peckham, William E. Caswell, Edwin G. Knowles, A. G. Clarke, R. F. Tucker, N. S. Littlefield, H. F. Morrell, E. C. Ballard, T. Carr Watson. The committee has organized by the election of Elijah Anthony as chairman and Charles E. Weeden as clerk.

Middletown.

Mr. William Chapin Hubbell will give a talk upon "The Postal Service on Land and Sea" before Aquidneck Grange at the town hall on Thursday evening of next week. Mr. Hubbell is in the employ of the government postal service and having had a long and varied experience in this line of work will be able to present the subject in an interesting manner.

Real Estate Sales and Rentals.

A. O'D. Taylor has rented for a term of years to Mrs. Elizabeth C. Powell, the furnished boarding house at corner of Touro street and High street, long known as the "Castell House" for the owners, Mr. and Mrs. Thelma T. Bowler. Mrs. Powell will continue the house on the same lines as heretofore. It is understood that Dr. Mary Baldwin, who has had her medical office there for many years, and who also lives there, will continue as sub-tenant. A. O'D. Taylor has rented in Middletown, off Maple Avenue, West Main Road, the former "Eaton Farm" and some 7 acres of land with cottage, to Edward E. Irish, who removes thither with his family from Wapping Road.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND.

SENATE.

Providence, March 5, 1908.

PUBLIC HEARING.

The Committee on Judiciary of the Senate will hear all persons interested in an act entitled "An Act to provide for the incorporation and regulation of Banks, Savings Banks, and Trust Companies."

In Committee Room 212, State House, Providence, TUESDAY, March 10, 1908, at 2 o'clock p. m.

JOHN P. SANBORN, Chairman.
JOHN W. SWENEY, Clerk.

The State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations.

Town of Jamestown, R. I., Town Clerk's Office.

(Seal)
To John C. Fiske and Benjamin Fiske of Pawtucket, Rhode Island, and Emily F. Fiske of Milbury, Massachusetts.

WHEREAS, William F. Davis, The Connecticut Company, Francis A. Cranston and others by their petition to the Council, praying said Council to declare the following described piece of land to be a Public Highway, viz:

That certain piece or parcel of land, situated in the town of Jamestown, on Connecticut Island, so called, at what is known as Continent Park, in the County of Newport and State of Rhode Island, and described as a fixed street on that certain plat known as "Continent Park," Rhode Island, drawn by John H. Mullin, Topographical Engineer, record in the office of the Town Clerk of the Town of Jamestown. The said fixed street commences on the easterly line of B. O. J. way as indicated on said plat, and runs easterly a distance of about 50 feet to the beginning of what is known as the Steamboat Wharf, and is of a width of 50 feet; and twenty years past and actually used, improved and considered as a public highway and it being shown to this Council that you were interested in or have some estate to said land, or some part thereof, said Council referred the consideration of the same to the 21st day of March, A. D. 1908, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, at a Town Council Meeting to be held in the Town Hall. You are, therefore, hereby notified to appear before said Council, at the time and place last named, to show cause, if any you have, why the said prayer of said petition ought not to be granted and said piece of land declared by said Council to be a public highway, according to the statute in such case made and provided.

Given at a Town Council of the Town of Jamestown, on the 21st day of February, A. D. 1908.

Signed and sealed by order and in behalf of said Council.

WM. F. CASWELL,
Council Clerk.

Tax Assessors' Notice!

The Assessors of Taxes of the City of Newport, hereby give notice that they will assess and apportion on the inhabitants of said city, and the taxable property therein, the tax ordered and levied by the representative Council of said city by vote of the 28th day of February, A. D. 1908, at 12 o'clock noon, and they will meet to be in session in their rooms in the City Hall (on the second floor) in said Newport every day, except Sundays from and including

THURSDAY, March 26th, 1908.

To and including
MONDAY, April 6th, 1908,
From 9 o'clock A. M. to 12 o'clock noon, and from 2 o'clock to 5 o'clock P. M.,

for the purpose of receiving a true and exact account of all the taxable estate of every person and body corporate, liable to taxation in said city.

EVERY PERSON AND BODY CORPORATE, LIABLE TO TAXATION IN THE PREMISES IS HEREBY NOTIFIED AND REQUIRED TO BRING IN TO SAID ASSESSORS, WITHIN THE TIME OR TIMES, AND AT THE PLACE OF MEETING AND SESSION OF SAID ASSESSORS, AS ABOVE DESIGNATED, A TRUE AND EXACT ACCOUNT OF ALL HIS RATABLY ESTATE, DESCRIBING AND SPECIFYING THE VALUE OF EVERY PARCEL OF HIS REAL OR PERSONAL ESTATE.

THE GENERAL LAWS OF RHODE ISLAND PROVIDE THAT:

"Every person bringing in any such account shall make oath before some one of the Assessors that the account by him exhibited contains to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true and full account and valuation of all his taxable estate; AND WHOEVER NEGLECTS OR REFUSES TO BRING IN SUCH ACCOUNT, IF OVERTAKEN, SHALL HAVE NO REMEDY THEREFOR."

Executors, Administrators, Guardians and Trustees are hereby notified that all the foregoing applies to them, and to Trust Estates as well as to other persons and property.

JOHN E. O'NEILL, Chairman.
JOHN H. SPENCER,
JOHN M. FRIEDL,

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND.

House of Representatives, Providence, March 4, 1908.

PUBLIC HEARING.

The Committee on Fisheries of the House of Representatives will hear all persons interested in the bill entitled

"An Act in amendment of Chapter 969 of the Public Laws."

In Committee Room 82, State House, Providence, TUESDAY, March 10th, 1908, upon the rising of the Senate.

HENRY C. ANTHONY, Chairman.
A. J. ROSE, Clerk.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND.

Providence, February 27th, 1908.

PUBLIC HEARING.

The Committee on Judiciary of the Senate will hear all persons interested in an act entitled

"An Act to create the Rhode Island State Board of Examiners in Optometry."

In Committee Room 212, State House, Providence, TUESDAY, March 10th, 1908, upon the rising of the Senate.

JOHN P. SANBORN, Chairman.
JOHN W. SWENEY, Clerk.

Dance to the Edison Phonograph.

The dance music of the Edison Phonograph is irresistible. Its selections are clear, distinct, tuneful and in perfect time. It offers the most fascinating waltzes and spirited two-steps of the world's greatest composers as well as the popular dance music of the hour. It is a military band or a symphony orchestra at will, affording a delightful and widely varied program without expense or attention. The Phonograph represents the personal work of Mr. Edison, the inventor of the talking machine idea. Hear, it at

Barney's
Music Store
154 Thames Street

Doesn't Seem Possible

For it has, all the appearance of what you've seen in other stores at half again as much and we tell you it's good—that fixes that point.

THIS CHINA CLOSET

Stands 66 inches high, is 42 inches broad, has bow glass ends, stands on French legs with claw feet, shelves are grooved for plates—anything else you'd like in a china closet, well it's probably there too. This is one of our Specials that's bound to show you how much further your dollars will go if you spend them here.

\$16.50.

A. C. TITUS CO.,

225-229 THAMES STREET,

NEWPORT, R. I.

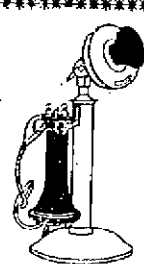
A QUALITY TALK.

When buying Fire Insurance buy the best; that is buy it in Companies who have passed through great conflagrations, notably the San Francisco conflagration with the highest credit. The best is the same.

WE have the Companies.

WM. E. BRIGHTMAN,

169 THAMES STREET.



LOST!

Much business every day—if your store or office is not supplied with sufficient telephones.

CONSULT US FOR RATES

PROVIDENCE TELEPHONE CO.

LOCAL CONTRACT OFFICE.

NEWPORT, R. I., 142 SPRING STREET

Sheriff's Sale.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS.

NEWPORT, SC. SHERIFF'S OFFICE.

Newport, December 28th, A. D. 1907.

BY VIRTUE and in pursuance of an Execution, Number 1700, issued out of the Superior Court of Rhode Island, within and for the County of Newport, on the 31st day of December, A. D. 1907, in favor of the said Court, and against Sarah Frances Spaulding and Charles F. Hodgson, both of the City and State of New York, defendants, I have this day at 8 o'clock p. m., levied this said Execution on all the right, title and interest, which the said defendants, Sarah Frances Spaulding and Charles F. Hodgson, had, on the 31st day of October, A. D. 1907, at 15 minutes past 1 o'clock p. m. (the time of the attachment on the original writ), in and to a certain lot or parcel of land, with all the buildings and improvements thereon, situated in said City of Newport, in said County of Newport, in the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, and bounded and described as follows:

Southerly, on Narragansett avenue, 50 feet; Easterly, on land of the estate of William K. Thorne, deceased, 100 feet; Northerly, 50 feet; and Westerly, 100 feet; on land now or formerly of Ellen T. Baker and others.

Easterly, on Spring street, 233 feet; Southerly, on Morton avenue, 154 feet; Easterly, 127 feet; Southerly, 50 feet and Easterly 130 feet on land of Daniel J. Shea, then Sheriff of the County of Newport, and Charles F. Hodgson, both of the City and State of New York, defendants, I have this day at 8 o'clock p. m., levied this said Execution on all the right, title and interest, which the said defendants, Sarah Frances Spaulding and Charles F. Hodgson, had, on the 31st day of October, A. D. 1907, at 15 minutes past 1 o'clock p. m. (the time of the attachment on the original writ), in and to a certain lot or parcel of land, with all the buildings and improvements thereon, situated in said City of Newport, in said County of Newport, in the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, and bounded and described as follows:

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